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with the newest 6-cylinder engine in Britain

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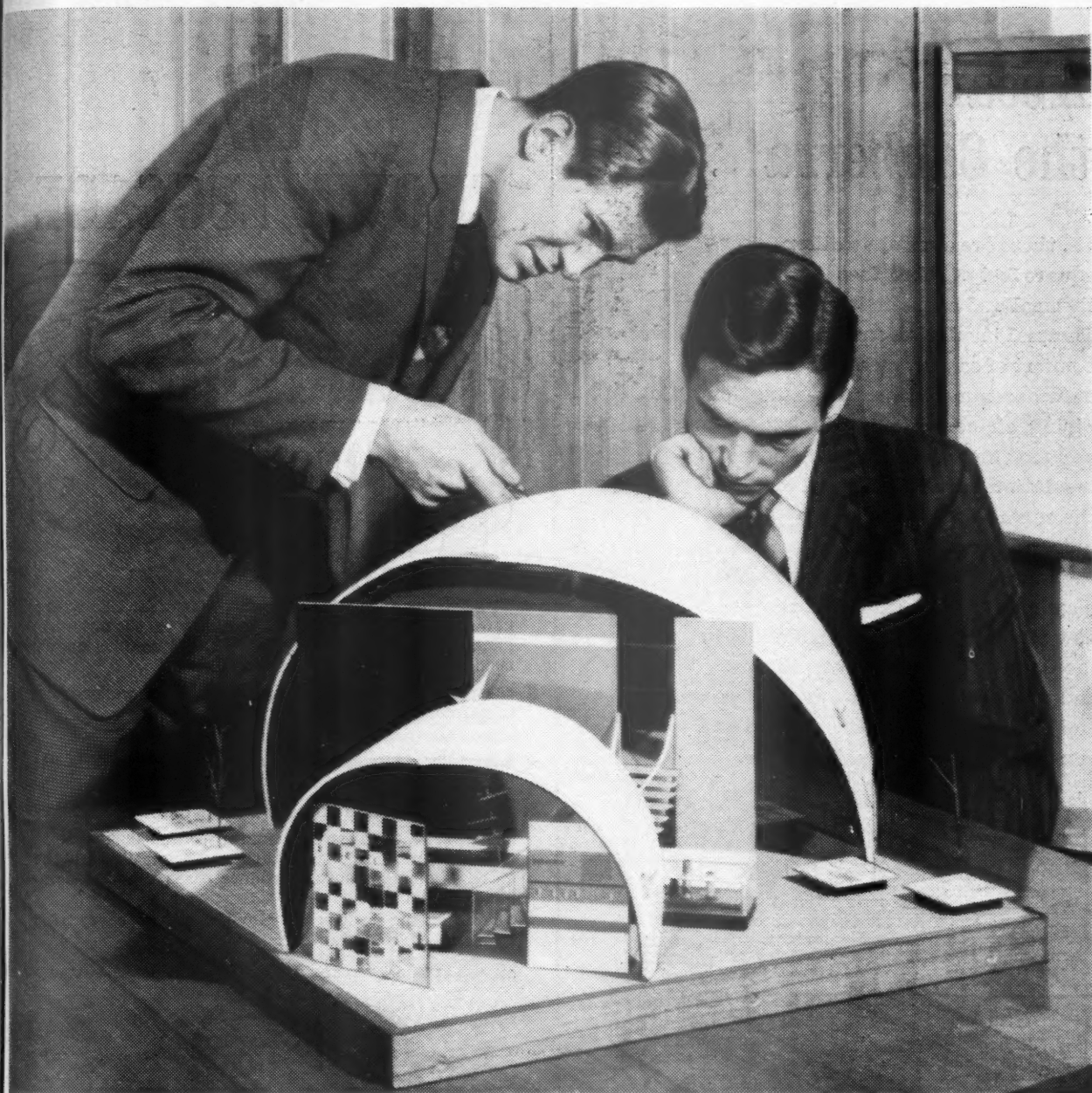
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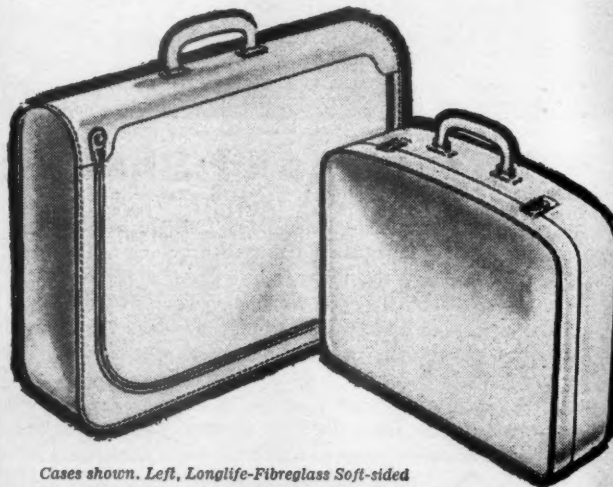
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MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

RECORD TURNOVER OF £166,500,000

MASSIVE INVESTMENT IN STORES

"ST. MICHAEL" A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

ADVANCES IN MODERN MANUFACTURING TECHNIQUES

The thirty-fifth Annual General Meeting was held on 8th June at 47/67, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc., Hon. F.R.C.S. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) who presided said . . .

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—May I take it that following our customary practice, the Directors' Report and Accounts as circulated may be taken as read.

GENERAL SURVEY

I am glad to be able to report the Company's continued progress during the past year. Our sales, at the record figure of £166,500,000, exceeded last year's figure of £148,000,000 by £18,500,000. Profits after tax were £10,295,000, as compared with £9,081,000 in the previous year, an increase of £1,214,000.

This increase both in turnover and in profit continues the remarkable advance which the Company has made since the war, and especially in recent years.

Our sales have increased year by year, because we have always aimed at improving the quality of our merchandise and of the conditions in which they are offered for sale in our stores. Such an aim is a response to the public's increasing demands for better values. In this the public and the Company are at one, and the best symbol of our common interest is our brand name "St. Michael," both because of what it stands for in quality and value, and because of the popularity it enjoys throughout the country.

BUILDING DEVELOPMENT

It has been an integral part of our policy that while improving the quality of our goods, we have at the same time continuously increased the selling space, the convenience, the amenities and, I hope I may say, the pleasure of shopping in our stores. Since the end of the war we have invested nearly £50,000,000, provided out of retained profits, on the general development of the business. The cumulative effect of this massive investment has been that many of our stores have undergone a complete process of transformation in size and appearance.

We are continuously engaged on a fundamental reconstruction of our stores. In the year under review, expenditure on development amounted to £7,650,000. Work was completed on 23 stores, and work is now in progress on 25 more; others will follow as our plans are finalized.

We are able to undertake such developments with all the greater confidence because most of our properties are either freehold or freehold in character, in the sense that they are held on very very long leases.

"ST. MICHAEL"

Our brand name "St. Michael" continues to grow in popularity. The volume of trading reflects the confidence of the public in the value and quality of "St. Michael" goods. Science, technology, and modern manufacturing techniques have enabled us to widen the range and the variety of the merchandise we sell, to the evident appreciation of our customers.

Our technologists keep abreast of scientific developments in the textile field, and in conjunction with the suppliers establish specifications of the

construction of the materials to be used in the manufacture of our garments. There follows the study and application of new processes, finishes and dye-stuffs, which make it possible to create new and delightful fabrics, with special performance value.

Our executives and their staffs are responsible for the conversion of these materials into garments of style. They are also responsible for planning the production, and for organizing the distribution to stores, of the vast quantity of goods we require.

It is due to this combination of the skills and experience of executives and technologists, working together as a team, that we are able to present so varied a range of fine products which make their appeal to the millions of customers who shop at our stores week by week.

FOOD DIVISION

In recent years we have devoted much time and thought to applying to the food side of our business the same fundamental approach which we have applied in the field of textiles and I am glad to say that this policy has shown encouraging results. The progress made by our Food Division, whose turnover last year was £28,500,000, as against £24,500,000 in the previous year, is the best evidence of the public's increasing appreciation of the high quality and freshness of our foodstuffs.

COSTS OF ADMINISTRATION AND SIMPLIFICATION OF PROCEDURES

We continue our efforts to control the costs of administration and to reduce the burden of paper work in our business, and in doing so have achieved results which have made a considerable contribution to the year's profits.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS

It has been my privilege year by year to express our thanks for the invaluable co-operation we receive from our manufacturing friends.

I have already emphasized the importance we attach to modern manufacturing techniques. It is pleasing to record the progress our suppliers are making towards increasing productive efficiency, which is the objective we both have at heart. We gratefully acknowledge the efforts and enthusiasm which our suppliers devote to this task and it is because of their efforts that we are proud to say that our goods are 99% of British manufacture.

TRIBUTE TO STAFF

No speech would be complete without my thanking the staff for their devoted work. Throughout the years it has been our constant concern to give our staff a sense of pride and satisfaction in their labours. We have tried to do so by providing good conditions of employment, the most modern amenities, and proper security against old age, so that they may have confidence in their future.

For all this we are amply repaid by the spirit of loyalty and devotion which animates the staff in the stores and at Head Office, and on behalf of the Board I wish to thank them most warmly and sincerely.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

10 YEAR STATEMENT

YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH

	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
TURNOVER	75,856,000	86,931,000	94,806,000	108,375,000	119,400,000	125,012,000	130,429,000	134,449,000	148,023,000	166,501,000
PROFIT BEFORE TAXATION	4,996,000	6,741,000	7,867,000	9,268,000	10,130,000	12,806,000	14,143,000	15,059,000	17,806,000	20,495,000
TAXATION	2,690,000	4,275,000	4,850,000	4,800,000	5,175,000	7,200,000	7,950,000	7,350,000	8,725,000	10,200,000
NET PROFIT AFTER TAXATION	2,306,000	2,466,000	3,017,000	4,468,000	4,955,000	5,606,000	6,193,000	7,709,000	9,081,000	10,295,000
DIVIDENDS (NET)	1,005,000	1,282,000	1,675,000	2,365,000	2,680,000	3,181,000	3,441,000	4,132,000	5,384,000	6,381,000
FUNDS RETAINED IN THE BUSINESS										
PROFIT RETAINED	1,251,000	1,071,000	1,242,000	1,983,000	2,145,000	2,230,000	2,352,000	3,277,000	3,527,000	3,688,000
DEPRECIATION	714,000	765,000	794,000	660,000	693,000	876,000	904,000	944,000	943,000	1,015,000

THE UNITED

RUBBER

COMPETITION BETWEEN NATURAL AND

SIR JOHN HAY'S ADDRESS

The Fifty-second Annual General Meeting of The United Sua Betong Rubber Estates, Limited, was held at 19 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, on Wednesday, June 14th.

In his Statement circulated to stockholders, the Chairman, Sir John Hay, said:—

With the basic figures very similar to those of the preceding year, our profits come out at approximately the same amount and in so far as there is a small increase this is due to a higher income from investments. The slightly lower rubber output merely reflects the incidence of replanting and is not due to any fall in the rate of output, which in fact was 938 lb. per acre as compared with 926 lb. for the preceding year. The total planted acreage owned directly and indirectly by the company is now over 53,000 acres, and despite a capital doubled in recent years by scrip issues, the capitalisation per acre still stands at the modest figure of £34 per acre.

The net sums paid and to be paid to stockholders by way of dividends amount to £551,249. Taxes on output and on profits amount to £900,000, of which £810,000 is claimed by the Government of Malaya.

THE ESTATES

On my visit to Malaya in January last I concentrated my attention upon our three estates in the Port Dickson area. The wide areas of young rubber on the gently undulating terrain of Sua Betong Estate were a propitious and inspiring sight. I was also particularly impressed by the appearance of the immature areas on our largest estate, Tanah Merah. In addition, 700 acres of reserve land at Sengkang Estate were planted in 1960. In the south of the peninsular our large Yong Peng Estate, to which I was able to pay a brief visit, had been seriously affected for many years by terrorists, so that it was difficult to maintain an adequate degree of cultivation, let alone replant. Yong Peng with the decline and eventual termination of the state of emergency has been effectively rehabilitated, and in the last five years, 2,500 acres have been replanted. These replants are growing well and we have a programme to deal with the balance of the old seedling rubber in the next few years. I have every confidence now that Yong Peng will in time become a very fine property.

TEA

The crop from our two tea estates was expected to be a little lower than in 1959 owing to replanting, and in the event came close to the estimate. This was creditable in a year in which rainfall was well below average. In the Malayan lowlands droughty periods are a serious hazard in the cultivation of tea. Irrigation is not a practical proposition and we have to be content with trying to regulate the shade which can be afforded to the tea bushes by taller species of trees. Labour, a larger factor in growing tea than rubber, was available in sufficient numbers, but wages had to be geared to the comparatively high wages paid to rubber workers during the year,

so that only a small contribution was made to the Company's profits by these two estates.

And here it is appropriate that I should acknowledge the services of our planting and administrative staffs in the East and all who work under them. Their intelligent and enthusiastic co-operation is an essential element to success.

RUBBER OUTLOOK

In his recent speech the Chairman of the Rubber Growers' Association did well to draw attention to the technological advances in the development of new synthetics and the greater competition with natural that is likely to result. Although this prospect should not cause dismay, the warning implicit in his address should not pass unheeded. The first safeguard for the producer of natural rubber is to modernise his plantations and render his processes efficient in all phases, with the ultimate aim of getting costs down to the lowest level, and in working to that purpose he will rely confidently on the continued co-operation of Government and labour. Taxation should not exceed the level appropriate to a highly competitive industry and the same consideration must influence the rate of rewards to labour. A continuing prosperous rubber industry is essential to the welfare of the main producing territories and to the maintenance of employment at the present high wage rate, with its generous standard of social services and amenities.

Past experience would seem to demonstrate that research would prove more fruitful if in its primary aim it was more concerned than hitherto with the problems of production. We still remain in a state of ignorance regarding such a fundamental matter as the function of latex in the tree, whilst in many of our plantation difficulties we are without any scientific findings upon which to base our treatment. Without such guidance we are still at the stage in some important matters of following with uncertain results the practices that were in force thirty or forty years ago. Research activities directed to the production of specialised rubber have had little or no commercial success. It is significant that the highest claim made by synthetic is that it is "as good as natural." It is as producers of natural rubber that the plantation industry will stand or fall. Expertness in that field is of first importance. Happily, the course of events is likely to be such that the plantation industry will be granted a respite in time to adjust itself to the stronger competition that is in prospect, for the new rubber substitutes are not likely to come into production on a significant commercial scale for some time to come. If that opportunity is wisely used, and supported in the sense indicated here, our industry should be well equipped to meet and match the achievements of other products in terms of price and quality. The existing disparity in price between synthetic and natural is not so wide as would appear by a comparison between the fixed price of the former and the published quotation for the latter which is generally expressed

SUA BETONG

ESTATES, LTD.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER INTENSIFIES



Sir John Hay on his recent visit to Malaya was invested with the Malayan Order of Chivalry—Panglima Mangku Negara.

standard of living. The net exports of rubber from the Federation of Malaya in 1960 were 659,000 tons. Export Duty thereon forms a major portion of Government revenue. Under the sliding scale now in force a moderate fall in price can result in a quite disproportionate fall in revenue. On the 1960 exports, at a \$1 per lb., duty would amount to over \$210,000,000. At 80 cents per lb. the figure would be little more than \$90,000,000. This fall of 20 per cent. in value involves a 57 per cent. drop in Government receipts. With this consideration in mind it is perhaps not surprising that the search for means to establish stability in price should be revived from time to time. Wide variations in price are by no means peculiar to rubber, they afflict many commodities and in a number of cases to a greater degree. In the six years 1955/60 the spread between the highest and the lowest prices of rubber, expressed as a percentage of the latter, was 108, copper 172, sugar 158, cocoa 138 and coffee 200. The one exception to these wide movements is tin which comes out at 39, but if the present trend is continued that relatively modest percentage may well be changed, despite the support of the present scheme of control operating under conditions to which there is no parallel in rubber. This is not the occasion for a detailed examination of any scheme for stabilising rubber prices. The very existence of a powerful synthetic industry and the possession by the U.S.A. of a stockpile of natural rubber amounting to over 1,000,000 tons, part of which is now in the process of liquidation and neither of which could be brought under control, would constitute a serious threat to the success of any regulation of rubber supplies. No less formidable would be the difficulty of reaching agreement on fair and equitable terms between producing countries operating under different systems of Government and with widely varying administrative capacities. It is well to recognise that the circumstances under which rubber supplies were regulated from 1934 to 1940 have profoundly changed and that any attempt to repeat that or apply any similar device would be fraught with danger.

Admitting that the rubber market is unpredictable, it is yet not unreasonable to expect that the course of events will bring in its train some limitation in price movements. With a continuing increase in the demand for rubber, which cannot be wholly met by natural, synthetic must necessarily be required to increase its supplies and thus exercise a steadying influence on prices, and if the manner of disposing of stockpile rubber can be made more flexible the violent upward surges in price to be followed by corresponding falls could largely be checked. In its contest with synthetic the plantation industry is not likely to be helped by any fettering of its freedom to produce, export and market.

COMPANY'S PROSPECTS

For the current year we have sold approximately half of the year's expected output at prices above those now prevailing. If prices remain about the present level for the remainder of our marketing period, then our profits should come out at a substantial figure although not quite up to the level of the year under review.

in terms of first grade. Not more than about half of total production is in that form and other grades are available at lower prices. The true differential can be bridged without rendering plantation rubber unprofitable. It is encouraging to note that despite its higher price this year's total demand for natural rubber is expected to exceed the total consumption of synthetic, despite the sobering fact that demand from the U.S.A. is likely to be in the proportion of 70 per cent. synthetic and 30 per cent. natural.

There still remains the problem of the fluctuating price of natural rubber, a consideration which often determines the choice in favour of a product selling at a fixed price. Wide variations in price are not only vexatious to the producer and consumer alike, they are productive of economic difficulties in territories such as Malaya which are heavily dependent on one or two primary commodities and encumbered with a rapidly increasing population eager for a higher

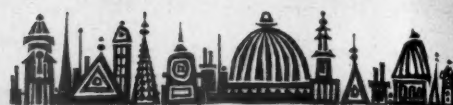


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Gordon's



THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



Altona (Saville)—heavy emotional melodrama by Sartre about neurotic Germans. (3/5/61)
The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
The Andersonville Trial (Mermaid) honest play about war trial after the American Civil War. (14/6/61)
The Bad Soldier Smith (Westminster) new play by William Douglas Home
Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)
Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)
The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)
The Blacks (Royal Court) confused and bitter allegory about racial conflict. (14/6/61)
The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)
Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—new American musical, reviewed this week.
Celebration (Duchess) facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)
The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)
Electra (Scala) by the Athens Theatre Company.
Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)
Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)
Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)
The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty, domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)
King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)
Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)
The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)
The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)
Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

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My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Avenue (Globe)—new revue.

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)

The Rehearsal (Queen's)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashing doty. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)

Time and Yellow Roses (St. Martin's)—artificial drama about a mother-and-daughter conflict. (24/5/61)

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)

Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Sheffield, **Candida**, until June 24.

Theatre Royal, Windsor, **Jane Eyre**, until June 24.

Belgrade, Coventry, **The Kitchen** (new play by Arnold Wesker) until June 24.

Playhouse, Liverpool, **The Matchmaker**, until July 8.

Birmingham Rep, **Roots**, until July 1.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, **Shadow of a Gunman**, until June 24.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Absent-Minded Professor (Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

The Crossing of the Rhine (Paris-Pullman)—Two Frenchmen taken prisoner in 1940: the simple one for whom people are more important than ideas is the happier at the end.

La Dolce Vita (Berkley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level as seen by a gossip-writer. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. (21/12/60)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)



"COVENT GARDEN" SENSE

Englishmen in the tropics used to prove their superiority—those who survived—by running on vintage port and very high octane curry, and wearing immensely thick uniforms that buttoned tightly round the neck.

Now that they have learned to match a lighter diet with lighter clothing they live longer and are far better tempered. And the same is true even in England, for everywhere men have at last realised how silly it is not to dress as coolly as possible.

As the thermometer rises men of common sense flock to Covent Garden, where Moss Bros specialise in all kinds of lightweight ready-to-wear clothing that will carry you comfortably through the stuffiest summer day, whether you are in the country or in London or on the beach. Their hot-weather suits are not in fact air-conditioned, though in the latest gossamer materials they feel as if they were.

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WPS97

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

Girl of the Night (Warner)—Reviewed this week.

Go Naked in the World (released)—Heavy emotional drama: millionaire's son loves call-girl, who solves problem by suicide.

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Odeon, Leicester Square—ends June 21)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Macbeth (Academy)—A good stage performance spoiled by distracting visual realism. (7/6/61)

The Misfits (London Pavilion)—Arthur Miller's screenplay about the sensitive girl, the casual Westerners and the wild horses. Good. (14/6/61)

Plein Soleil (Cameo-Poly)—Very glossy French murder-and-nemesis piece in colour, from Patricia Highsmith's *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; oddly effective.

A Raisin in the Sun (Columbia—ends June 21)—From the play about the Negro family split by the acquisition of money. Funny, touching, full of character, admirably acted. (31/5/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

The Secret Ways (Odeon, Marble Arch, and on release)—Reviewed this week.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spare the Rod (released)—Tough East End school, Max Bygraves as new master who manages to teach without the cane. Superficial but quite worth while. (31/5/61)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story of innocence defiled and avenged, told in Ingmar Bergman's most symbolic manner. (14/6/61)

MUSIC



Royal Festival Hall. June 21, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Antal Dorati), Prokofieff-Rachmaninoff-Tchaikovsky, Byron Janis (piano). June 22, 8 pm, London Mozart Players (Harry Blech), Mozart, Denis Matthews (piano). June 24, 7.30 pm, BBC International Light Music Festival. June 24 (Recital Room), 7.15 pm, Vera Yelverton and her pupils will perform piano works by Bach, Handel, Chopin, Debussy and modern composers. Jill Falconer (piano) will play Mozart with chamber orch. (Anita Sutcliffe). June 25, 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Anatole Fistoulari), Rimsky-Korsakov, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, Ravel, Julius Katchen (piano). June 26, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Thomas Baldner), Beethoven, Daniel Wayenberg (piano). June 27, 8 pm, Tamas Vasary (piano), Beethoven-Schumann-Debussy-Balakirev-Chopin-Liszt.

Wigmore Hall. June 21, 7.30 pm, Mario Feninger (piano). June 22, 7.30 pm, James Lowe (baritone), Geoffrey Parsons (piano). June 23, 7.30 pm, Gregg Smith Singers. June 26, 7.30 pm, Wallace Thompson (tenor), Paul Hamburger (piano). June 27, 7.30 pm, Martha Schlamme (soprano), Alasdair Graham (piano).

Sadler's Wells. *La Vie Parisienne*.

Royal Opera House. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. June 21 and 22, 7.30 pm, *The Stone*

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Do you
know
yourself?

IF you are a woman, can you honestly answer this question in the affirmative? Probably not, but you will put on a splendid pretence of knowledge just because you don't want to be caught out.

THIS fools no-one of course. A man has only to suggest that he understands you and you take him at his word and want to know how and why in detail. You think his interpretation of you will crystallize the constantly changing feelings you have about yourself—and tell you some of the things you secretly know you don't know.

IT works the same way with gifts. You like them of course for their own sake. But there's more to it than that. They also tell you, more subtly than words, a little more about yourself. If you are given a diamond you can feel—and rightly so—that it's because you are the sort of woman who needs diamonds in her life. And if you are given a Rolex watch it's because you are the sort of woman who deserves the finest.

THE particular kind of Rolex you receive leads you still further into this game of knowing yourself. There are so many different kinds. Each one can tell you a great deal about what someone thinks of you.

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boy on wheels

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PUNCH

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Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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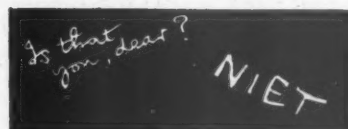
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Charivaria

DR. BEECHING told his first press conference that "after one week in his new post the position seemed better than he had imagined it to be." But surely he hadn't waited until now to divide fifty-two into twenty-four thousand?

Testing, Testing . . .

THAT city-wide power failure in New York followed suspiciously pat on the recent blackout all over southern England. It's all very well for the technical experts to tell us, on both



sides of the Atlantic, about million to one chances and circumstantial coincidences. Readers of science fiction know better. The Russians have got a ray.

Insulated Green Thumbs

ONE of the more thrilling disclosures made at the thirteenth British Electrical Power Convention in Eastbourne, was that the growth of chrysanthemums could be stimulated by electric light, "obtained simply from 100-watt lamps suspended over the plants." Mr. R. R. B. Brown, the chairman of the Southern Electricity Board, told the convention that "the light was found to be more effective when given in the middle of the night to interrupt the dark period, rather than by extending the natural day length, so that supply could be taken

quite conveniently off peak"—and thus could enable gardeners to tell their visitors what a wonderful floral display they missed by not having been in the garden any interrupted dark period last week at, say, about 3 a.m.

"Shall I Strike At It . . .?"

A SECURITY officer at the Vauxhall motor factory, where men of the night-shift claim to have seen the ghost of an inspector who died last July, said "We don't know what to believe, but we are keeping a watch just in case." Just in case the ghost is behind with his union dues, most likely.

Creepy-Crawly

MY feelings about the morality of fox-hunting, always mixed, have been given a further stir by the mechanical terrier invented by Herr Pedersen of Denmark, a keen fox-shooter. His device consists of a small cylinder with several caterpillar tracks which crawls relentlessly into the fox's earth, "barking" by making small intermittent explosions as it goes, and so frightening the fox out. Emotionally, I feel that this is a horrible device. It gives me a



strong sense of claustrophobia. Rationally, I can see that it is more humane than sending down a real terrier to force the fox, torn and exhausted, out into the merciless day. Neither course is, superficially, as humane as leaving



"How much without the supplement?"

the fox alone, but that turns out to be not so kind to the local chickens, rabbits and frogs. It is high time the League against Cruel Sports turned their attention to brainwashing foxes, as well as fox-hounds.

Pink in Tooth and Claw

THEN there was a man last week fined two pounds for drunk and disorderly who had been whipping people with a live snake. The snake died. The man was not charged with cruelty, and I'm again brought up short by this question of where in creation cruelty becomes permissible. The RSPCA has never proceeded against anyone for cruelty to a clothes-moth, or a spider, or a rat, though the things done to those creatures every day would earn a handsome fine if done to kittens, babies or hamsters. This isn't a frivolous inquiry at all; I just want to know where I should be with such a border-line case as, say, an adorable fluffy lethal wildcat.

Practical Step

A MAN whose baby daughter fell out of the back of his van and toddled off unharmed said to reporters, "A special Providence watches over children and sparrows." It's hard to tell whether this was a completely original image, or whether, in the pardonable stress of the moment, he was confusing *Hamlet* ("There's a special providence in the fall of a

sparrow"), *As You Like It*, ("He that doth the ravens feed, Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow"), bits of the New Testament and that thing about no harm coming to drunks. Whatever it was, he didn't expect it to work next time. He's having a new lock put on the door.

Having Wonderful Time

IT really was most tactless of the organizers of a "rock 'n' roll party" in Calais for two thousand teenagers to reveal in advance that they had taken out insurance covering £25,000 worth of damage to Calais and £10,000 worth to the ship in which they will make the crossing. If there is less than £35,000 worth of damage done at the end of the day, the kids are sure to feel that they've had less than they were entitled to.

Al Fresco, Ma Non Troppo

THOSE five young men from Poole who were fined a pound apiece for pushing a grand piano over the cliffs must have been amazed at the publicity it got them. I think everyone must have been on their side—what do you do with a piano you can't find a use for? Once when I was walking home late at night through Chelsea, I found an upright piano standing on the pavement in Pont Street. It was a few days before Christmas, so I played a few Christmas carols on it, but no one took any



"Put down 'Run out in the interests of brighter cricket.'"

Announcement

Punch has been putting on weight. In the past three years our twenty-eight editorial pages have fattened out to thirty-eight, to give room for new features—pages for women, serialized features, the centre spreads, the new London Charivari—and to allow for more pictures and print generally. It is clear from the rising circulation and from readers' letters that the fuller figure becomes us. But inevitably another figure must change to keep pace. The new price of Punch will be a shilling from the issue of September 27.

notice. In the morning it had gone. This was before the days of *Candid Camera* so that's one explanation that can be written off.

Short and Candid

THE Minister of Aviation, when asked why he had allowed a whisky advertisement to be erected at London Airport, replied: "For money." Some will hail this as new evidence of the tiredness of the Government; here is a Minister too lazy to clothe his crude motives with decent hypocrisy. Whether or not that is the reason I am all for terse, and honest answers. A question like "Why did the Minister for War call up a one-legged mute aged seventy?" should elicit the reply "Gross incompetence," not "The facts have been somewhat exaggerated and I am communicating with the Hon. Member privately."

Blood Running Warm Again Now

"GOATS From Ireland Killed at Rituals" was the *Daily Mail* headline. "Indian people," reported a Nottinghamshire cattle-dealer who recently imported forty of these goats from Cork, "all over the country buy and kill them for themselves. There is a sort of ritual involved." It was a bit disappointing, after all this suggestion of witchcraft, black mass, devil worship, and so on, to find that the Indian people all over the country simply wanted to make sure that when they ate goat-meat it had been obtained from beasts slaughtered according to the appropriate religious teaching.

—MR. PUNCH



“ . . . and friends? ”

Covering new ground in the debate between
"virile" North and "soft" South

NORTH versus SOUTH

Social Affairs

PATRICK RYAN speaks for the North



PATRICK RYAN is a professional postman and Sunday writer of short pieces, short stories, radio and television oddments and one unpublished book. His literary grindstone is driven by the spending-power of one valuable, humorous daughter, one high-living, well-dressed wife and the longest black-and-tan dachshund in captivity. Uncertain by birth, nomadic of necessity, a Yorkshireman by absorption after suitable probation in Leeds.

IT may fairly be said that in social matters Southerners are the Englishmen Hitler had in mind—effete, timid and evasive of harsh reality. They are cribbed by good taste, cabined by Mon Repos refinement and confined by enough genteel tabus to make Margaret Mead reach for a new notebook.

In the North, albeit the light is not too good and the damp keeps rising, we face plainly the fact that life is mostly a trudge of quiet desperation over hard, wet cobbles. Inhibited neither by rose-coloured spectacles nor cut-glass throats we square up to life with a clear-eyed determination which should never be mistaken for bloody-mindedness.

The Southerner, his spirit weakened by all that Mediterranean sun, seeks ever for anonymity among the herd of artificial gentlefolk. His archetype is metropolitan and in his regression towards precious conformity he has lost all spine of local patriotism. No blood rushes to heads or flows in gutters when Reigate take on Dorking; the main agitation boils around the proper thickness of the cucumber sandwiches. But they board up the windows and call out the specials when Dewsbury slog it out with Batley in the soot-grey mud. Whatever they may once have had around the playing-fields of Eton, it's now fiancées and officials only snuffing on the touchline when the Slough Trading Estate contests with Crawley New Town. If you want to get an idea of what Henry V was ranting about at Agincourt, come to watch Otley and Ilkley battling it out on the banks of the Wharfe. The populations turn out and when they've finished hammering one another into the ground they join forces and chase the referee into the river.

Pride of place has gone from the South, sapped dry by the

faceless spread of the Great Wen. As Athens is to Greece, so becomes London to the South. No one any longer comes from anywhere distinctive, excepting Cornishmen and they're Welsh anyway. It is no longer possible to tell whether you're in Kent or Surrey, Berks or Bucks, and soon they'll all be going the way of Middlesex.

You know right enough when you change counties in the North, when you cross with armed guard from Yorkshire to Lancashire, from Northumberland to Durham. You notice straightaway that you can't tell what the hell anybody's talking about any more. In the North we have proud local languages which give full play to the vowels and open expression of a man's nationality. We speak the true English of T. Thompson, G. Chaucer, Sam Small and the V. Bede.

An hour or so below Doncaster and everybody's striving to talk mock-Oxford and plum-in-the-throat BBC. Except for John Arlott they're all dead ashamed of their native dialects and suffer epiglottal agony as they treat their larynxes like Chinese feet and flatten them out of their rural shape.

Being secure, we Northmen don't talk very much. We say nowt unless there's summat worth saying. Or money in the matter. We live by the general rule that if tha knows nowt, say nowt and happen nobody'll notice. The Southerner, however, uncertain where he comes from and nervous of silence, is a fountain of chitter-chatter, a brook of Gallic volubility. This compulsive gibbering is purely a feminine disease in the North and its spread among the Southern males is but another symptom of their progressive subjection to Women.

The South has long since fallen to gynocracy and only the Northern male is still fighting on in defence of his God-given supremacy. We endeavour yet to keep the female in her ordained state of contented servitude and one of our main ploys in this campaign is the Yorkshire pudding. By demanding this delicacy at every meal we keep our women out in the kitchen beating themselves dizzy over the batter-bowl. Twenty-five minutes is the ritual minimum and they all finish up with tennis-elbow in the throwing-arm and scrambled-egg in the brain-pan. And we have armed guards out day and night at Bawtry to kill electric-mixer salesmen as they come over the border.

We also make our wives go down to the market for the mint. I was near as a toucher drummed out of Cleckheaton for asking a neighbour to give me a root of mint. "Mint!" he boomed, as if I'd asked for marihuana. "Dost not know what they say up here? . . . If a man grows mint in his garden, it shows woman's boss in t'house . . . Tha'll find no mint in my garden, lad, and I'll not have none growing in thine neither . . ."

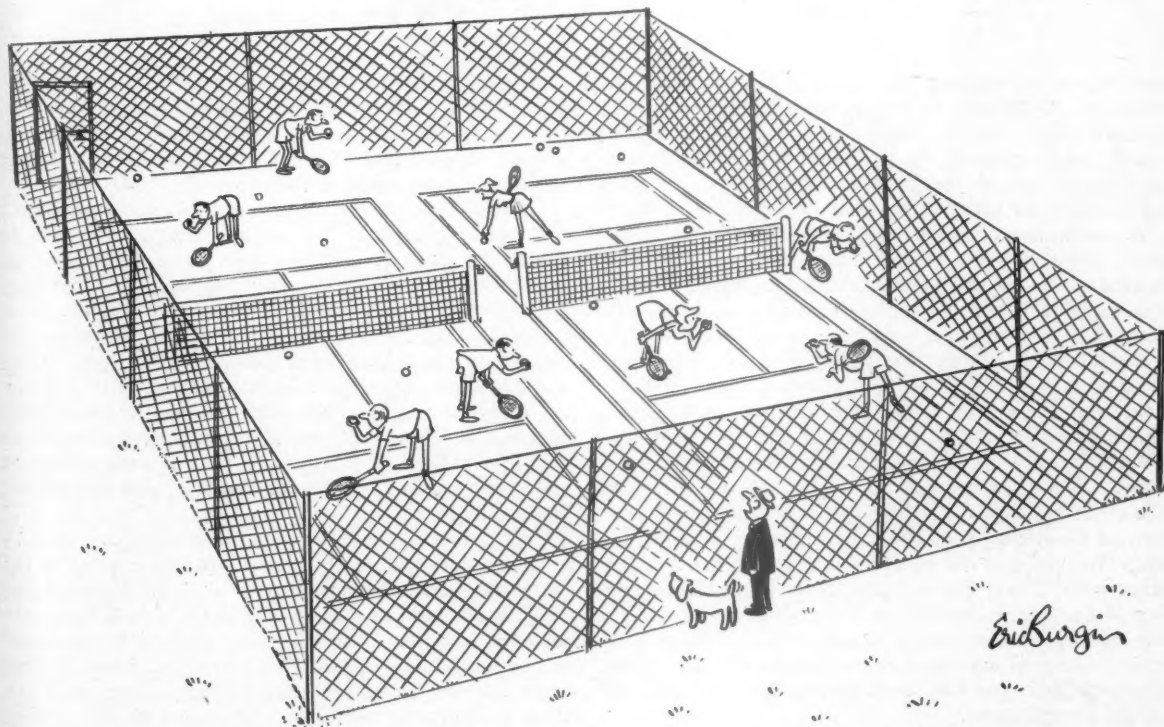
We place our whippets nearer the fire than our women and we've still got pubs with "Men Only" bars. Southerners just don't know the bliss of drinking beer unhampered by females who keep methodist tally on notched-sticks of the number of pints consumed, who remind you at every moment of euphoria that you're making a complete fool of yourself, and who ruin the economic balance of the evening by ordering short drinks.

Southern pubs are packed with women. If you throw a wild dart in any bar below Bolsover it's even money it'll finish up in a bosom. And there isn't much drinking joy to be found in such establishments, either. They've no well-kept beer and no singing rooms. We'd have his windows in right away if any of our publicans served the lukewarm, thin-lady's-lager they get away with in the South. That's why the best ale-founders make special brews for the North; for the Southern trade they demand only that it shall be darker than rainwater but not necessarily as tasty.

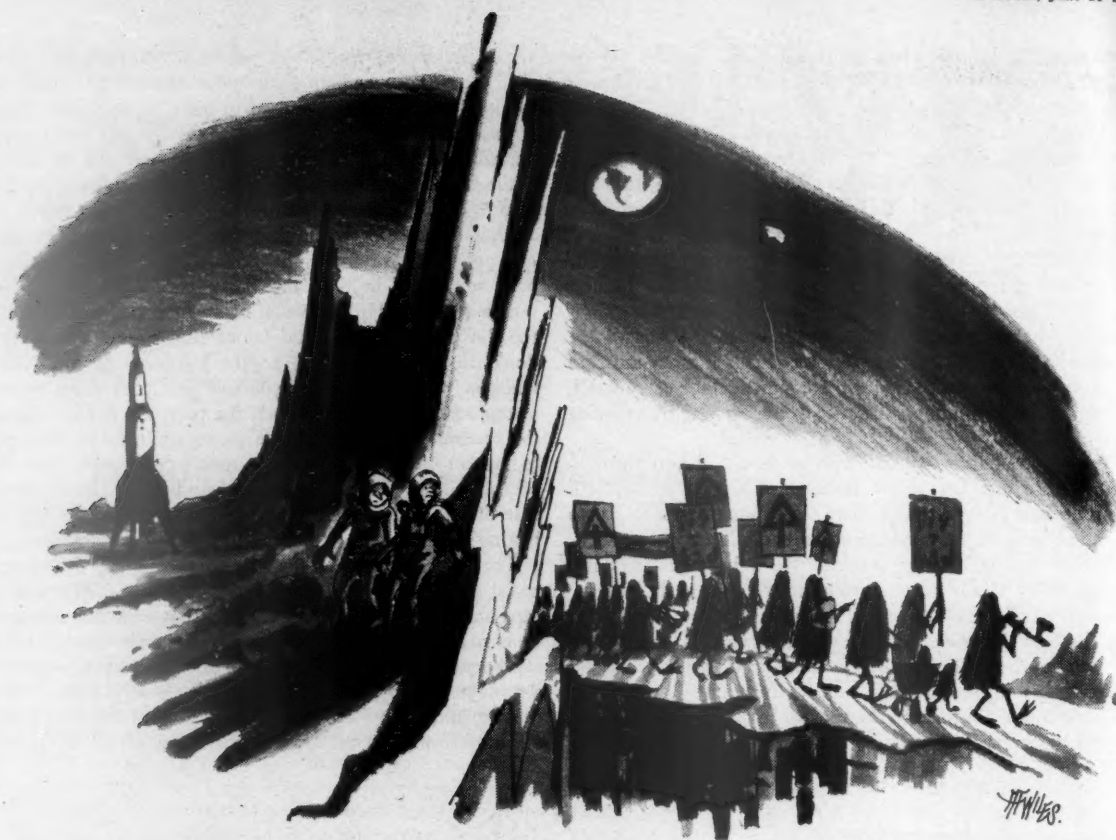
The demure Southerner, locked up in his gentility, could never bring himself to raise his voice in a singing room. But

if we pay money for drinks, we want entertainment thrown in. Not shove-ha'penny or table-skittles or other kid's games but comedians and strip-tease artistes and bags of music-hall uproar. We go back to the Vikings and enjoy our wassail accordingly, singing, laughing and red in the face while the delicate Southerner sits on his fauntleroy stool and sips, with little finger extended, jazzed-up pink perry from medicine glasses. Brendan Behan could come into any of our pubs on a Friday night, do his little dance and sing his little songs and he'd be lucky if anyone took a blind bit of notice of him. He'd have all on to raise his bel canto above the din and nobody would knock him off the way they do down South for speaking to the barmaid above a clerical whisper. If you can hear yourself give your order on some of our real gone evenings then the party's a failure. One of the reasons we keep our flat caps on while we're drinking is to protect our scalps from the rock 'n' roll as it beats back off the ceiling. The vibrations set up by four electric guitars, side-drums and a male voice quartet in a bar as big as a boxing-ring can play supersonic hell with your follicles.

The flat cap can be taken as a symbol of the difference in social attitudes of the North and the South. We wear flat caps because they are, since Harold's hat with the nose-guard went out, the most sensible headgear in the world. A flat cap keeps rain out of the face, sun out of the eyes, stays on in a tornado, fits into the pocket, does not obstruct vision in the theatre, and can be used for fanning fainted ladies or beating off importunate dogs. Southerners are afraid to wear so



"It's got teethmarks."



admirable a top-dressing for fear they'll be mistaken for workmen. Completely U Southerners like Prime Ministers will wear a flat cap for shooting or contemplating heather within camera-range of the image-makers but the genteel-presumptive herd are too insecure to risk it.

This social insecurity of the Southlander is also expressed in his native fear of people which drives him on an eternal quest for uncrowded holiday resorts. He is constantly worried that he may meet someone on holiday who knows him at home and will be able to tell the residents that he is by no means the tycoon he makes himself out to be. We like people in the North and we have our Wakes Weeks so that we can all go away together. That way you don't have to worry about what the people at the boarding-house will be like.

Unharassed by pretension we can let ourselves go on our holidays and obey the primeval urge to raise hell when you're happy. As we hokey-cokey six abreast down the Golden Mile in our kiss-me-Charlie hats, the tensions flow out of our ears and the release, poor Southern brother, it's wonderful! Every Wednesday at eleven o'clock we observe one minute's silence in the Tower Bar in sympathy for you, sitting on the front at Eastbourne, starch-bound by inhibition, motionless and dead-lipped lest anyone speak to you, stifling your longing to sing, to shout, to kick your heels about, and taking back home with you the same temple-tightening neuroses that you brought down.

Southerners are congenitally afraid of making scenes and this is the main reason why they are treated so abominably by

their tradesmen. To shop-assistants down there a customer is nothing but a nuisance. If madam will put down the right money and find what she wants hanging on a rack somewhere then good luck to her but for God's sake don't come bothering me because I'm doing my nails.

Up North, we, the people, have maintained our ascendancy over our shopkeepers. We pay the piper and we call the tune. And there's nothing we enjoy more than a good old up-and-downer with some indoor peddler. We want value for money and are prepared to shout the odds to get it. Gilbert Harding learnt all he ever knew about bellyaching in restaurants during his time as a copper in Bradford. There is a lady in our street who made the coalman retrieve half-a-ton of his wares from her cellar because it wasn't shiny enough. In Leeds I watched a man in a Chinese restaurant send for a policeman because he found a rabbit's ankle-bone in his Hongkong Fried Chicken with Bamboo Shoots and Water Chestnuts.

I don't want to give any impression that our sturdy independence makes us uncomfortably irascible or spiky to live with. The backs of our hands are only to those intent upon grinding us down, to those whose aim it is to reduce us to Southern servility. Neighbourliness we have in abundance for our equals and hospitality is a duty to our peers. Down South you can live out your life without ever speaking two words to the people next door. When you die after twenty years of sharing the same dividing-wall, he wipes a bit of egg off his moustache and says to her "Looks like somebody's

having a funeral next door. Wonder who he was?" I was once baby-sitting at a house in Rickmansworth when the television was struck by lightning. The whole family next door came out and watched over the fence as I lugged the smoking box into the garden but they neither said a word nor offered to lend me a bucket of water.

In the North, the removal van has barely pulled up outside your new house before half the street is gathered around asking your business and telling you about the dry-rot under the stairs, the girl who committed suicide in your back bedroom and the saga of misfortune that has dogged every resident to date.

As I earlier proclaimed, the Northerner likes people. The Southerner is afraid of people and automatically rejects them. We take people as they come; we may not fall madly in love with all of them but we do admit their right to come in variegated colours, shapes and sizes. Perhaps our experience over the centuries of absorbing foreign craftsmen into the cloth trades has inured us to the acceptance of the stranger in our midst? Perhaps it is the security of our local patriotism that makes us more tolerant of the alien than are the people of the South? Perhaps it is just another example of Northern maturity in social attitude, another expression of the serenity brought by a cold climate? . . . Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains to be remembered that, despite the efforts of men of ill-will to foment them, there have been no colour-bar troubles, no Notting Hills in the North.

Further contributors:

NEVILLE CARDUS STEPHEN POTTER
AIDAN CRAWLEY

From "The Council"

There is a proposal to demolish the rectory at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, where Crabbe spent his final years, and use the site for a car-park.

AND when a tepid sun succeeds to rain,
Across the sullen asphalt's black domain
Th' assertive dandelion drifts its seeds
From the brown border of half-poisoned weeds.
Some rise and eddy, fall and do not rise,
Caught where an oil-patch spreads its curious dyes;
Others a luckier wind wafts o'er the lot
To where Tom Gurney keeps his glass-walled cot,
The sour attendant of the parking lot.

Ah, blame not, reader, Gurney's acid mien,
Condemned all day to view the same dull scene,
At the same hour the same drab cars to mark
And count each meagre fourpence as they park.
Here, when youth throbbed in Gurney's nimble thew,
An old house stood, a tidy garden grew,
Each noted, as he passed, with local pride
(A giggling damsel pressed against his side)
As being where in other, slower, days
An honest Muse wrote out her final lays—
The only fame to Trowbridge ever loaned
Now in this asphalt blackened and disowned!

— PETER DICKINSON



"I'm afraid our terms of employment don't normally include a pension scheme, Miss Dawn."



"We must think not only of ourselves but of the effect on our farming and farmers, among whom in a small, part-time way I am proud to number myself."



"Our founder, I venture to think, would approve of invoices printed in neither German nor French."



"You do realize, don't you, that it would mean shorter, less leisurely business trips for all of us?"

COMMON MARKET COMMENT

BY
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"It says here that a bidet is 'Une couvette oblongue, montée sur pieds et servant aux ablutions intimes,' and we appear to have an order for 30,000 of them..."



"It would mean surely that we'd be flooded by cheap foreign imitations of our domestic wines and meads."

"There are an awful lot of commies in France, Italy and Western Germany—do we really want to rub shoulders with them?"



"If these European blighters want us so badly why can't they do the decent thing and join the Commonwealth?"

EUROGLOSSARY

Acceleration—proposal for making Common Market tariff cuts sooner than originally agreed.

Associate Member—country for which exceptions are more important than rules.

Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée—inappropriately named address of headquarters of EEC in Brussels.

Bridging the Gap—game with the object of getting the Six and Seven all on the same side.

Cartel—device for keeping advantages of free competition from getting out of hand.

Common Agricultural Policy—attempt by EEC to bring the farmers of the Six into the twentieth century. Problem still to be faced by the British Government.

Community—collective noun for six countries in search of a federal government.

Council of Ministers—political heart of the EEC.

Club, Royal Automobile—institution which the Prime Minister asserts is easier to join than the European Economic Community.

Commission—Executive body of the EEC. Nine wise men nominated by Member Governments for a 4-year term.

Common Market—exclusive trading arrangement with free trade between members and a common tariff against outsiders.

Customs Union—less exclusive trading arrangement with free trade between members but national tariffs on all other trade.

Development Fund—an arrangement for investing German and Italian money in former French Colonies.

Dumping—selling cheaper abroad than at home. Not to be confused with dual-pricing policies.

Declaration of Intention—signal long awaited by some of the Six that Britain wishes to parley.

Direct Elections—proposal that the people of Europe should elect members to Assembly of EEC.

European—one who believes Britain to be a part of Europe.

European Assembly—parliamentary assembly of EEC, ECSC and Euratom. Meets at Strasbourg.

Exports—British goods which discriminating foreigners are believed to be anxious to buy.

Free Trade Area—un ballon d'essai. See Customs Union.

GATT—General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—the repository of all tariff wisdom. Body which must approve proposals to set up common markets and free trade areas.

Harmonization—attempt to bring divergent national practices into line with agreed common policies.

WHO IS WHERE?

EEC — European Economic Community.
The Six—France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg.
Greece now associate member.

ECSC — European Coal and Steel Community.
The Six—as above.

Euratom — European Atomic Energy Community.
Also the Six.

EFTA — European Free Trade Association—
The Seven. Austria, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, UK.
Finland now associate member.

Forgotten Five — Ireland, Iceland, Greece, Turkey, Spain.

Imports—trading activities by foreigners that upset the British balance of payments.

Integration—merging of policies so that six countries act as one, or one as six.

Interest Group—body set up to bring merits of its own case before the don't-knows.

Most-Favoured Nation—GATT rule under which all its members get prizes. All nations are most favoured and none more favoured.

Neutral—country with special ideas on political and economic priorities.

Offshore Island—navigational reference point for politicians showing the way into or away from European Economic Community.

Penetration—exports going where none have gone before.

Rome Treaty—instrument setting up European Economic Community. Bedside reading in Foreign Office.

Sovereignty—right of British Government to take unilateral action on all matters of national policy—except those on which EFTA, ILO, IMF, GATT, WEU, UNESCO, NATO, SEATO and UNO have to be consulted first.

Schuman Plan—proposal that France and Germany should merge coal and steel industries, made by Robert Schuman in 1950.

Supra-national—international government by wise men, with majority voting.

Talks, Officials' Level—discussions at which all differences can be agreed but no binding decisions taken.

Talks, Exploratory—ministerial tours d'horizon.

Weighted Majority—opposite of principle of one man one vote.

—RICHARD BAILEY

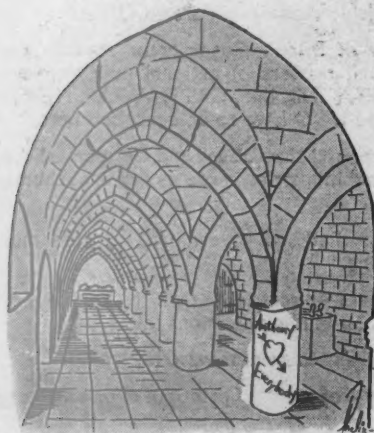


Our Man in America

If P. G. WODEHOUSE does not get it, it's not news

A GOOD deal of displeasure has been incurred in these parts by Herb Elliott, the runner, owing to the fact that in his book, *The Golden Mile*, he accused Americans of being soft and effete. America, he said, would pretty soon become a total loss because of the warm, synthetic existence its citizens lead, adding that a nation which so thoroughly mollicoddles itself must grow weaker physically and spiritually and eventually conk out, or words to that effect. There is a strong body of opinion which holds that he ought to have his head examined, and from the rockbound coasts of Maine to the Everglades of Florida patriots are drawing his attention to a recent episode in the life of Mrs. Julia Sands of Glen Keith Road, Glen Cove, NY.

It seems that Mrs. Sands, who was ninety-five last birthday, was riding in her daughter's car the other day along the Northern State Parkway, when the glare of the setting sun annoyed the latter and she reached for the sun visor and in doing so accidentally jerked the steering wheel. This caused the car to cross the eastbound lane, crash through two guard rails and plunge a hundred feet down an embankment.



It was an experience which you would have expected to inflict severe injuries on an elderly lady accustomed to a warm, synthetic existence, but Mrs. Sands, according to my daily paper, merely 'suffered bruises.' She did, however, feel a little peevisish.

"My hair is a mess. My hat is ruined. And look at my stockings! I paid two dollars twenty-five for them!" she said.

The general feeling here is that when Herb was in America, he did not meet the right people.

In the garden outside the Museum of Modern Art there is an open-air restaurant where art lovers can restore their tissues *al fresco*, as the expression is: and it was not long before the news of this seeped through to the Central Park pigeons, and they rolled up in droves, hopping on tables, pecking at lunchers' food and generally behaving in the manner which has made them a hissing and a byword in New York. The Museum authorities have baffled them by placing papier-mâché owls around the garden, and they claim that the results so far have been good. Confronted by papier-mâché owls wherever they look, pigeons blink, falter and are taken aback. With ill-assumed carelessness they edge toward the exit and return to Central Park, trying to seem nonchalant as if they had remembered an appointment for which they were already late.

But the word 'good' is a relative term. The restaurant's patrons no longer have to share their meal with a bevy of soot-covered birds, but they still have those papier-mâché owls, and, speaking for myself, I may be hypersensitive but I know that even one papier-mâché owl, staring at me as if saying "Making a god of his stomach, that baldheaded chap over there with the glasses," would put me completely off my feed.

I was speaking in a recent dispatch of the laws which hamper the American

citizen in his daily life. There was that one, if you remember, about not being allowed to behave offensively on the campus of a girls' school without written permission from the headmistress. Some more are to hand. In Pittsburgh it is illegal to sleep in the refrigerator, the one place where you want to curl up on these warm nights, while in the new state of Hawaii you risk imprisonment if you insert pennies in your ear. The law which causes the greatest discomfort to engine drivers and passengers on trains is the one they have in Kansas, which runs: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, both shall come to a full stop, and neither shall start up until the other has gone."

Getting to and fro in Kansas must be a difficult process for ticket-holders, probably after a time giving them sidero-dromophobia, a fear of railways.

Hands off the hot dog is the cry all over America these days, for it is of all American institutions the one the rightminded do not want tampered with. As everyone knows, the hot dog proper is a steaming sausage placed inside a roll and liberally sloshed with mustard, and now, so I am informed by Mr. Hoyt Alden, a writer in my Long Island paper, some vandal has come out with a meretricious variant where you split the sausage and fill the opening with three parts blue cheese and one part mayonnaise. You then wrap the sausage in bacon, as if it were not embarrassed enough already, put it in a foil and broil or bake it. As Mr. Alden says, it shows the lengths to which some people will go, and it is lucky Herb Elliott did not hear of this, or he would have been even sterner in his critique of American effeteness.

In next Wednesday's

PUNCH

How Paris Eats

by

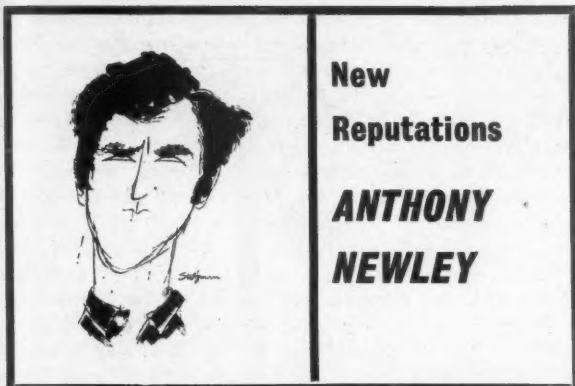
ERIC KEOWN

and

RONALD SEARLE

Also

SPROD AT GLYNDEBOURNE



Acting, and All That Jazz

By PHILIP OAKES

IN the record business the magic number is a million: a solid, quotable sales figure which tokens a lofty place in the Top Ten charts, and money in the bank for the artist who makes the disc. The only performer who scores it consistently is Elvis Presley, and in his case the figure is usually reached in pre-release orders—an act of faith on the part of the fans, whose votive offerings keep the pop music industry afloat. In Britain, however, a singer who sells 100,000 copies of a single disc is reckoned to have a hit on his hands. And an artist like Anthony Newley, whose appeal to the cash customers has pushed three of his records beyond the 250,000 mark, is undoubtedly a power in the land.

Presley's recording company awards him a gold disc each time he notches up a million. More modestly, Newley is the recipient of three silver discs awarded by a pop music paper. They share house-room with a silver plaque presented by the Variety Club which elected Newley the Most Promising Newcomer of 1960.

Newley, who has been a professional for fifteen years, with a popularity graph as jagged as the Carpathians, finds the situation a trifle ironic. At his present peak his range encompasses offbeat comedy; straight acting (his virtuoso performance in *Sammy*, a television play by Ken Hughes, is still cherished by addicts); and the ability to invest a pop song with lyrics of staggering banality with a hip—and sometimes, hilarious—polish. Currently his pop singing is what pays the bills.

At least once a month he closets himself with his record company's A & R man—an impresario of sorts—whose job it is to find suitable material for contract artists. The policy is usually to play safe, which means sampling batches of records which have already made a hit in America. Newley's last effort—a dirge entitled *And the Heavens Cried*—hit nothing except a massive public apathy. Newley was not surprised. "It was a monster," he says.

Newley is something of an authority on monsters. As a child prodigy he spent his adolescence surrounded by stage-struck moppets, all of whom wanted to be Shirley Temple. Looking back on his salad days, Newley judges himself to have been only slightly less horrific. He entered show business almost by accident. His grandfather once conducted a brass band, but his parents lived strictly non-showbiz lives in Clapton. At fourteen, Newley touted round Fleet Street looking for a job as an office-boy. Unsuccessful, he auditioned for the Italia Conti school, and created such an impression that he was offered free tuition and a part-time job emptying the waste-paper baskets. Says Newley: "I suppose most acting schools are the same, except that RADA's on a slightly more pear-shaped level. But they taught me the lot at Italia Conti—musical comedy, tap, movement. Everyone seemed reasonably pleased, but it was all a great confidence trick. I hadn't a clue what I was doing."

To-day, at twenty-nine, Newley makes a clear distinction between what he calls "acting from the top" and "acting from the stomach." The latter demands true comprehension on the part of the actor; the former is an ersatz mixture of applied craft and director's skill. And according to Newley, this is what carried him through half a dozen early films in which he won rave personal notices: "Take *Oliver Twist* for example. I did the Artful Dodger bit. The director, David Lean, was auditioning midgets to start with, but in the end it was between me and Alfie Bass. And I got it. The critics talked about a boy wonder, and on the screen I looked fabulous. But it was all Lean. I just spoke the lines, and stood where I was told to stand. I just went through the motions. There was nothing going on inside."

Nothing daunted, the Rank Organization came up with a contract, and within twelve months Newley made four films and severely frayed the nerves of his studio overlords. "The trouble was that I was spoiled. I liked to sleep late, and unless the studio sent a car for me I wouldn't bother to turn up. I was being paid a lot of money for acting very badly, and I thought I could get away with murder."

The chances are that Newley thought quite rightly, but when he was sixteen he caused a small uproar at a reception



"I love you for just being you"



for contract artists by making a violent and public pass at an actress, described at the time as "Britain's first true primitive." It was, insists Newley, the result of pure affection and vintage champagne, but the upset helped to speed his expulsion from Lord Rank's happy family.

For the next two years Newley's career as an actor languished. The very day that he was offered a part in a major film, he was called up. But five weeks of basic training convinced the Army that as a soldier Newley had the makings of a first-class civilian, and he was promptly discharged. His agent argued that it would be excellent experience for him to work in a repertory company, and for £15 a week Newley topped the bill at Dewsbury in Yorkshire. As a staunch egotist he enjoyed the sensation of being a big fish in a little pond, but—unexpectedly—he also discovered that acting was vital to him, not only as a means of earning a living, but more fundamentally as a way of life.

Parts in two Ronald Shiner comedies brought him back to the film studios, where he heard that José Ferrer was casting a film about the Marine Commando called *Cockleshell Heroes*. By the time the news reached Newley auditions were over for the day and cleaners were swabbing the corridors, but under a measure of emotional blackmail the casting director was persuaded to let Newley stand by the door through which Ferrer would leave. True to the hearts-and-flowers tradition (young troupier gets first big break) Newley caught the great man's eye, spoke his piece, and was signed up on the spot for a leading role.

The producers of the film—a brace of British-based Americans named Irving Allen and Albert "Cubby" Broccoli—realized Newley's potential, and contracted him for a

five-year spell in their private salt-mine (known officially as Warwick Films) for the sum of £35,000. In three years Newley made nine films; none of them memorable, all of them money-making. He worked harder than ever before in his life, not only acting, but often writing his own dialogue. "We had a fantastic production schedule," he says. "As soon as one film finished, another began. We worked until we dropped. Then we got up and worked some more. It probably taught me more about films than I could have learned in ten years with any other company. More than that it taught me never to worry. After Warwick there's nothing that can ever bother me; nothing that can get me down."

The driving (some say slave-driving) force in Warwick was Irving Allen. A tough, ultra-tailored pro with a profound faith in the baseness of public taste, he was baffled by Newley's conception of himself as a serious actor. "When I told him that I could be Britain's Jimmy Dean," says Newley, "he fell off his chair laughing." But, almost by default, it was Allen who launched Newley on his career as a pop singer.

The starting point was a novel by William Camp called *Idle on Parade*—a sardonic comedy about the Guards. Newley's idea was to turn it into a satire on a rock idol who joined the Army, and armed with a one-page synopsis he called on Allen to try to win his blessing. "When I got there Allen was in his private steam room below the office. It was the only chance I had to talk to him, so I went in and acted the story out while he lay stretched on a marble slab being pummelled by a big Swede." Allen gave grudging approval to the project, but somewhere along the line the satire was broadened into farce, and the finished film was several light years away from Newley's original notion.

The critics either savaged or ignored it. But for a reason which was not at first apparent, the box office did a roaring trade. As the singing conscript, Newley was called on to deliver several routine rock numbers, none of which seemed to have the remotest chance of becoming a hit. "I'd watched a lot of these rock kids singing, and when we came to make the film all I did was to reproduce their act as a performance. It was dead easy to do and it was meant to be funny. But the kids in the audience took it absolutely straight. They loved the numbers and they dug me as a singer."

Slightly bemused by the turn of events, Newley tried to talk Warwick into giving him more weighty parts. Warwick declined and Newley paid £15,000 to get out of what remained of his contract. Irving Allen explained the schism with Wardour Street philosophy: "He's got this bug to play Hamlet. Well, I haven't anything against Hamlet personally, but he don't do it for me." Newley remarked: "It cost every penny I had to get out. But I'd have been chained to an analyst if I'd stayed."

Deeply in the red, Newley took steps to remove himself from the breadline by touring the country in a rock 'n' roll package show. "It was a rather gentlemanly entertainment," he recalls. "I did a forty-minute act, and between houses everyone's book was signed by the young master. There was the usual screaming and shouting, but I can't remember a single case of hysterics."

Newley acknowledges that his success as a singer has given him both the stature and the confidence that eluded him as an actor. But his relationship with the fans teeters between resignation and revulsion. On tour he holes up in hotel rooms, only emerging behind the instantly penetrable disguise of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Fans used to telephone him at home—a top-floor flat in South Kensington—until Newley made it plain that his heartfelt wish was for them to drop dead. Fan magazines were accorded the same treatment. "The trouble is," complains Newley, "that they want to know the most moronic things. I just can't get excited over questions like 'How are you going to spend your Christmas?'"

The questions which do excite Newley are all to do with work. Currently (July) he is on view in *Stop the World, I Wanna Get Off*, a morality with music which he wrote with Leslie Bricusse in three fevered weeks in New York, where Bricusse was working on a show for Bea Lillie. "It's about the seven seasons in a man's life," says Newley. "He's a sad, contemporary sort of character, surrounded by women, but incapable of falling in love. The cast is just me and ten birds." Apart from his rock 'n' roll concerts, Newley's last appearance on a London stage was in 1956, when he was one of the leading lights in the tremendously *chic* John Cranko revue, *Cranks*. Its run concluded with Newley being sent to jail for a month for driving while disqualified—an experience which has left him with a marked distaste for most forms of authority.

"I'm always meeting people who are ready to give out with advice," he says. "But there's no evidence that they really know much more than me—especially in show business. There was this character who said he'd back anything I wanted to do in the way of films. So Leslie Bricusse and I wrote a screenplay called *Boy On a Wall*—a modern version of *The Pilgrim's Progress*—and took it round to him. He turned it down flat, but it could have been an important film:

something really different. We tried another one about a little rabbi in the East End, but we dropped that one ourselves. It was about Christ really, and it just got too blasphemous.

"Of course, there's no shortage of film work, providing you're willing to take the old rubbish. Each week I get scripts on the *Carry On* level, or things which Ian Carmichael won't do. And he's dead right. Neither will I."

Newley is also wary about TV. His last series, *The World of Gurney Slade*, was an excursion into curiously tough whimsy with a central character who could talk with animals. The networks loathed it, the critics were cautious, and yet—even at an off-peak viewing hour—it attracted enviable viewing figures. "All it needed was a little love and attention," says Newley. "But the whole thing was written and filmed in six weeks. They just murdered it."

As a professional, Newley speaks with assurance, enthusiasm, and even passion. He knows exactly where he is going, and if pop singing will give him the public and the prestige he needs, then he will sing pop until the faithful flock behind him into more rarefied pastures. As a private person, though, he is diffident, shy, and awash with multiple gloom. Three years ago—after the death of his son—he parted from his wife, and of late says he has lived "like a hermit." He wears black woollen shirts, black slacks, and black shoes. His face is pale, with the jawline crayoned by a heavy beard. The books on his desk include the Bible, Hans Andersen's fairy tales, and the screenplays of Ingmar Bergman. On the cover a still from *The Seventh Seal* shows Death with a scythe leading his doomed retinue to the Dark Lands. Newley holds it in both hands with something like reverence. "It's just great, isn't it?" he says. "I mean, that's the whole thing. That's what it's all about."



"This is a hell of a time to be making pastry."



"Trouble was we both body-swerved together."



"I blame marshmallows."



"Can you give me a reason for living."



"Never been the same since that blasted monsoon."

BUT, DOCTOR . . .

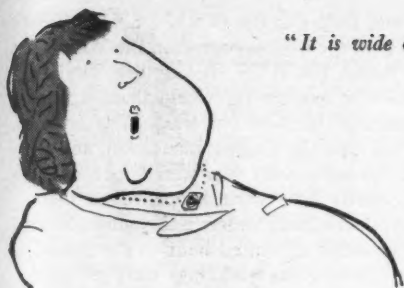
By ffolkes



"To me, he is human."



"It gets me here and here and here."



"It is wide open."



"Just the usual bottle of jollop, guv."



"Aren't you a little young to be examining people."



"Charlie Hopkins bet me I couldn't."



"I suppose to you I'm just a collection of glands."



"Would you fix me up with a new battery?"



"I'd better warn you, I'm penicillin-proof."

English Institutions that Bit the Dust

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

4-0 Grant Me, Heaven, a Middle State *

WHICH was Horace's modest point of view, and that of his eighteenth-century imitator (a nice fellow by the name of David Mallet), and that of every right-thinking middle-of-the-road backbone-of-the-country Englishman wedged in an advantageous semi-detached position with southern aspect between the rich man in his castle and the poor man at his gate.

When the too humble, their subservient knees done up in twine and sackcloth bandages, were mucking out the moot hall with nothing to break the interminable monotony except an extra whack of mead and the next instalment of Beowulf on Saturday evenings, and the too great were getting up showy jousts and laying siege to the girls on the tapestry looms, the middling people were pressing on with the slow, laborious process of civilizing the country by founding the professional classes, instructing the young, improving the status of sorcerers and wizards, and copying out the Gospels with illuminated capitals.

By long-standing English tradition, it was the English middlings who promoted justice, pursued learning, perfected landscape gardening, drew up ground plans for country houses, sank the Armada, improved the condition of English art by painting the aristocracy in organized spontaneous groups surrounded by children, whippets and hunters, invented science and won the battles of Trafalgar and Britain. The middle classes wrote *King Lear*, Pepys's Diary and *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. They paid taxes without fiddling, school fees without kicking about extras for fencing, weaving and pottery, restaurant bills without making an ugly scene in a public place and Blackwell's bills not a moment after they started to come in with the small purple sticker marked Please. They believed in family life, Fuller's walnut, Charles Morgan, the Morris Oxford, compulsory cricket for girls, Miss Beale, the *Daily Express*, Owen Nares, Daniel Neal's, a

good pearl necklace and little touches of white at the throat and wrists. The people in the middle organized the Women's Institutes, the Land Army, the WVS, the Empire, Glydebourne, the nomination of prefects at Cheltenham Ladies' College and block bookings for Ivor Novello. They were a very lovely, human, and typically English institution, and the old place hasn't been the same since they were wiped out.

Nobody can be perfectly sure what happened to them. Some say it was a case of euthanasia, others claim a mysterious mass-suicide at the inevitable appointed hour in the manner of lemmings. At one moment the middlings were all going strong, laughing away at U and Non-U, boning up on Betjeman's opinions about St. Pancras station, bravely subscribing to the National Health and reassuring each other that the right thing to do was to support State education up to the age of eight, never mind the accent, they'll lose it again in a matter of days. Then, as it were overnight, from being the brave new poor and cutting down on holidays at Frinton and Broadstairs, the middle classes turned into the affluent society and started to live like lords, old style. The middlings are no more, apart from a handful of peers through no fault of their own, Mrs. Dale and nice, sensible Lady Barnett.

The first to go were the advance guard of middle-class intellectuals, who stopped wearing sloppy old corduroys and tweed jackets, cut their hair to shaving-brush length all over and reappeared disguised as humble sons of toil in black leather scooter-coats and jeans. With the onslaught of commitment and signed petitions and we-deplore team-letters, middle-class values have become totally discredited and synonymous with french windows, brittle jokes about adultery, and martini-drinking tennis-players in false tan lobbing epigrams over the orchestra pit.



"Golden Moons on a Silvery Sea and chips, please."

*Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

Some of the middle classes threw in their cards early and retired to look after National Trust property, or ran hotels in Majorca, or wrote novels in the hills behind St. Tropez. Some got booked for lifelong lecture tours in America, or became television personalities, liberal candidates or Wards of Court, and some simply went to ground in the heart of Barnes. Some went all out to get to know where to find the café where they won't let you order the spaghetti without the chips. One or two lucky ones got to know Arnold Wesker. Some actors were left hanging around with names like Adrian and Jeremy, and almost everybody wanted to be called Albie before it was too late.

Feeling their last hours approaching, the middle classes went mad, made staggering amounts of money, and attempted to assume a protective colouring, in order to escape the revolution, by pretending to be foreigners. So rich that they could no longer afford to act in plays, eat at home, support a home-grown cook-general or travel in taxis, they took to stress diseases, compulsive reading of the *Lancet*, fruit-juice purges, all-night sessions at chemin-de-fer, home-zoos, poetry-readings in pubs and barium meals in a sustained effort to keep one step ahead of their accountants.

Vestigial middle-class women, driven mad by the loneliness of life humping smokeless fuel all day in £20,000 houses with lavender doors and bay trees in tubs in the darker alleyways of North London while their husbands lived it up on lobster armoricaine at one-thirty-to-three-thirty lunches, took to an international pattern of life as a form of therapy. With every room divided by a room-divider, every cup a hand-thrown Finnish work of art, every fireplace-wall a striking example of roughcast loam and honest unplastered brick, and every nanny a fado-singing Portuguese pining for the sardine fleet, the middle-class woman gallantly became multi-lingual and an expert in the kind of cooking that involves the bain-marie, the mandoline, and a little dollop of sour cream added to all the left-overs. Her children preferred frankfurters and mayonnaise to banana sandwiches, translated the more colloquial phrases in *Zazie* without using the dictionary, and could only stomach *Winnie the Pooh* when translated into Latin.

Sometimes middle classes in the maquis would meet very quietly for a tearful chat about the old poor but honest days before Huckleberry Hound invaded the kitchen-dining-play-area and the reliable nannies in little round hats went to Long Island and ice cream came speared on a spatula, two-toned and covered in munchy biscuit. One or two rebels, using disguised names, wrote novels about sensitive middle-class childhoods in country towns and laburnum suburbs, with piano lessons and seventy-fives and riding a humble pedal-cycle up the Woodstock Road. Sometimes the middle classes got muddled about their nostalgic memories and took to gluttonous over-indulgence in the works of E. Nesbit under the impression that Norfolks, sailor-suits, nurserymaids with streamers and carpets for twenty-seven and sixpence were part of their immediate and glorious past.

With the middle-class people went the middle-class faithful friends, the wire-haired fox-terrier and the overfed tabby, to be replaced by the dwarf crocodile, the terrapin, the potto, the otter, timber-wolf, house-trained lioness, lemur, Balinese squirrel, Abyssinian cat, and after all why not the bandicoot. Caring for these sometimes dangerous and usually neurotic and frail animals did much to fill in time

THEN AS NOW

Mr. Gaitskell is no doubt aware of the dangers underlying the superficial healing of a split in the opposition



A UNITED FRONT

RIGHT HON. SIR H-NRY C-MPB-LL B-NN-RM-N (after a successful effort). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, I'VE GOT THE TWO SIDES TO MEET!"

July 17, 1961

and provide a certain solace for the middle classes during the last years of their existence, and to some extent took their minds off the problem of how to make less money while still being able to afford to pay last year's tax, while at the same time installing water and electricity in the house in Spain.

Some turned into peers, bandits and limited companies, and were forgotten. Some buried their tracks among the workers, revived the fad for high tea with kippers, and were able to face the world without shame. Some just hung on announcing the News and were quietly put away when their teeth fell out and the joints of the big toe were attacked by thrips. Some died peacefully and unnoticed in the middle of *The Mousetrap*, some slew themselves with an overdose of deodorant or cut their veins in a warm bath of detergent. We, the Dukes, the swiss-roll rollers and the teenagers, will miss them in a ghastly sort of way. There isn't anyone now to wear the English lady's brand of felt hat, or organize the jumble sale, or recite *James James Morrison Morrison* aloud from memory. They had a good long run, and didn't complain too much at the end.

Next week: Landscape with Castle and Dead Duck

It's Only a Game, Dear

By H. F. ELLIS

READ it again, please. I haven't got my spectacles. "Sport, as it struggles up from the archaic structure of an outdated society, is rather like a man on a mountain scree slope."

Given a great block of marble and a hammer and chisel I should like to have a go at immortalizing that all too fugitive sentence from the *Observer*. In a way it would be more effective if one left the bottom half of the block untouched, to represent the archaic structure, and simply went to work on the figure struggling to free itself from the inert mass. But much of the message might be lost. I think I should have to show, perhaps in the form of reliefs round the base, just how archaic, sportwise, the structure of society is. There would be a panel of the Jockey Club banning television interviews, and another of the Australian LTA barring professionals from Wimbledon with some kind of outdated flaming sword, and the MCC doing something old-fashioned about throwing. Poor Mr. Alan Hardaker would be there, crushing the aspirations of inside forwards, and so would the AAA, symbolically refusing to receive a deputation of international athletes. All this and more, mostly

borrowed from the unrelenting pen of Mr. Christopher Brasher, I should hack out to a depth of two inches or so. The figure of Sport itself needs a little thought. Naked it must certainly be, as it strives to free its markedly clean limbs from the reactionary block in which their extremities are enmeshed, and on its keenly chiselled face I see the agonized look of one who would rather be paid openly than accept extravagant hotel expenses; but at the same time it must, if possible, be rather like a man on a mountain scree slope. One arm might be pinned to its side by the snake of shamateurism, while the other grasped an alpenstock. The group as a whole, properly carried out, should combine the best features of the Laocoön and the Albert Memorial.

But it would still be incomplete. The predicament of Sport cannot be fully grasped from a single sentence, however pregnant, in one Sunday newspaper, even the *Observer*. Read me another. Yes, yes, from the *Sunday Times*. Let us be impartial, come what may. Where is that bit that I ringed about the International Olympic Committee, by Mr. Brian Glanville, the fearless, the Argus-eyed, the searcher for truth at the bottom of innumerable

wells? Read it out to me clearly, my dear, for I fear I grow a little deaf at times with the clamour...

"Wake up, Mr. Brundage! Those high ideals are travestied and dragged through the mire—"

No, no. It's good, but it's not what I wanted. Try again. Try a little higher, somewhere up above the bit about payments to amateur show jumpers.

"Here, in microcosm—"

Go on, go on.

"Here in microcosm is laid bare the whole, half-baked attitude of the Committee."

That's it! That's it! That's the touch my statue of Sport in Chains was lacking. How my fingers itch to lay bare, in *basso-relievo*, the whole half-baked attitude of the Committee, with Mr. Brundage casting his high ideals, like so many swine, in the way of pure and pearly professionalism. But I couldn't do it, not in microcosm. I doubt if Michelangelo himself could bring it off. I begin to feel that the agony of Sport, as it is presented to me week by week in my Sunday papers, is too serious and subtle a thing to be represented three-dimensionally.

Well, take this other scandal, the

**WOMAN
IN
KIOSK**
by
LARRY



off-hand way in which sporting and recreational injuries are treated both by the medical profession and the press. Is it generally realized that 12,000 people are off work and upwards of 250,000 are temporarily disabled from athletic activity every year? It is not. "The problem is like an iceberg" (we are back with the *Observer* now, and I know this piece by heart, thank you), "nine-tenths lying below the surface. It must be seen not simply in terms of international sporting prestige but as a problem of national productivity and individual well-being, and as such it concerns us all." Well said. That puts into proper perspective the muscle we pulled fielding long-leg for the village last Saturday. And what is the solution? Obviously it is "the establishment of a central executive representing all the interested parties, to integrate the work undertaken there with a national research programme." Good. That is the first step with which Mr. Enoch Powell must concern himself, instead of fooling about with polio graphs. But it is only the beginning. Read me the next paragraph, child—there, in this piece called "Too Casual about Casualties," by "A Sports Medicine Specialist"—and read it slowly, so that I may savour the scope and breadth of it all.

"Finally, the ambition must be for a Sports Injury Service for the immediate, adequate and sustained treatment of injury, against a background of continuing research. The service might

comprise Regional Athletes' Clinics, under the direction of sports medicine specialists and club medical officers trained in sports medicine, who will supervise the treatment of minor injuries and the general medical arrangements on club grounds, and a register of physiotherapists and remedial gymnasts."

There through the eyes of a practical visionary is a glimpse of a New Deal for Sport, contrasting so vividly with the shabby horrors of the existing system, under which a casual "Torn it again, old chap? Do you want a runner?" is about as far as immediate treatment of minor injuries goes. I see, in my present marmoreal mood, the bright future of British sport as some kind of continuous frieze, perhaps in spiral form after the manner of Trajan's Column. Here at the start lies the injured player with his sorrowing comrades gathered about him. The draped figure of Lost Man Hours towers over the group, holding a pair of scales. In the next panel the club medical officer is seen operating his walky-talky behind the tiny pavilion, and as the eye continues on its spiral course it encounters the welcome spectacle of the Sports Injury Service van speeding to the scene of the disaster. And now, as the sculptor with miraculous fidelity unfolds the swift story of the rescue—the arrival at the Regional Athletes' Clinic, the Sports Medicine Specialists probing with deft fingers, the patient responding to adequate and sustained

treatment—symbolic scenes are introduced to heighten the drama. Icebergs rise slowly to the surface; half-baked attitudes are put to flight; archaic structures crumble to right and left; heroic high-jumpers on scree slopes struggle to free themselves from the clutching fingers of Mr. Brundage. High up and godlike above these animated scenes the Central Executive broods in perpetual session, while processions of physiotherapists and remedial gymnasts riding static bicycles weave intricate patterns against a background of continuing research.

If it does nothing else, this splendid monument will make all other Sports Columns look pretty silly.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 7

. . . for the tea shop that takes longer to produce a pot of tea than it does at home. The amateur can get the tea and the boiling water into a warmed pot in about three minutes without any feeling of showing off or beating bogey. Tea shops ought to be able to improve on this time. After all, they are always at it. Why can't the professionals have water heating up, pots ready and tea measured out? A reasonable time for an able-bodied teamaker in properly equipped premises would be thirty seconds. Why on earth should it sometimes take a quarter of an hour? Why, in fact, should things you pay people to do for you take longer than things you do for yourself?



Sir Galahad Spurned: Regina v. Haddock

By A. P. H.

MR. ALBERT HADDOCK to-day appeared at Bow Street on a summons for assault and battery by Rowena Stuke, 20, of Chelsea, who was dressed in black silk trousers, sacking and sandals.

Haddock, giving evidence, said: "I am the President of the *Friends of the Police*."

SIR ADRIAN FLOSS (defending): What are the rules of this Society?

HADDOCK: There is only one rule—to give aid and comfort to the police whenever that is clearly the duty of a decent citizen.

SIR ADRIAN: You are also, I believe, the President of the *Friends of Women*? What is the purpose of that body?

HADDOCK: To give aid and comfort to females in distress or danger—

females bewildered by railway termini or underground labyrinths or Button B, females who lose their tickets or drop their parcels, females in doubt at pedestrian crossings or in one-way streets. And so on.

SIR ADRIAN: Very well. Will you tell the court, in your own words, what happened on the date in question?

HADDOCK: Apprehending from the newspapers that our services might be required, I directed the members of both my Societies to attend at Piccadilly Circus.

SIR ADRIAN: Was anyone else present?

HADDOCK: Yes, sir, a multitude, some of them, as I feared, females in evident distress—and about 2,000 police officers.

SIR ADRIAN: What did you do?

HADDOCK: Near to me, with her back to me, I saw a fallen woman—

SIR ADRIAN: Fallen?

HADDOCK: I presumed that she had fallen, sir, for she was seated in the middle of the highway. I judged that she stood, or rather sat, in danger from any vehicles that might approach, and also from the feet of the crowd.

SIR ADRIAN: Did you then take any particular action?

HADDOCK: Yes, sir. Placing my two hands under the prosecutor's arms, I gently raised her to a standing position. She turned her face to me with a charming smile, but on seeing me she scowled instead, and said: "You ———, will you — well leave me alone?" She then subsided to the ground. I again did what I



"I still say there must be something in the rules against it."

conceived to be my duty. She repeated some of the expressions to which I have referred and said: "I want to be arrested." I said: "That, madam, is nothing to do with me. But it is my duty as a citizen to assist the police in clearing the highway. Also I am President of the *Friends of Women*." She then broke away, ran to another part of the road, and sat down. I followed and respectfully raised her again: I cannot describe to the court the fury of her countenance, nor should I care to repeat some of the observations which fell from her lips.

THE COURT: Better not.

HADDOCK: When she was half way to the standing position she called to a passing policeman: "Officer, arrest me!" The constable replied: "No, lady, I can see you're in good hands. You take her home, sir." The prosecutor then appeared to become discouraged and allowed me to escort her to the Underground station. But she took my name and address—and here we are.

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE: I am happy to say at once that the court applauds the motives of Mr. Haddock in this strange affair: and we are tempted at once to advise all good citizens to do likewise. But his behaviour did not appear in the same favourable light to the prosecutor, and we have to consider whether what he did amounted technically to an assault. An assault has been defined as "an unlawful attempt, or offer, with violence to do a corporal hurt to another. A 'battery' is an injury done to the person of a man in an angry, revengeful, rude or insolent manner. In other words," says the same authority,* "an assault is a movement which attempts, or threatens, the unlawful application of force to another person; whilst such an application itself, when actually effected, constitutes a battery." But there are degrees of force. A mere push or tap on the shoulder may amount to a battery, though a friendly tap, to attract attention, will not. On the other hand a friendly touch in the nature of a caress, may be an assault, if it be not welcome. The circumstances of every case

*Kenny on Criminal Law.



"Looks like a Conservative majority."

must be the guide. There is no suggestion here that the defendant's handling of the prosecutor was prompted by any improper amorous feelings. On the contrary, the prosecutor's attorney maintains that it was done in "an angry, rude and insolent manner." Mr. Haddock replies, and we believe him, that he acted throughout with gentleness and courtesy, using no force more than was necessary to raise a fallen woman from the Queen's highway. The prosecutor says that all this politeness—"these smooth and smiling attentions," as her counsel put it—was but a mask for insolence and rudeness. She, it appears, is

against being destroyed by a nuclear bomb, and Mr. Haddock is in favour of it. Thus, while pretending to assist, he was in fact deriding and thwarting her, and so his apparently courteous approaches were battery in law and fact.

Now this is taking us rather far. It is true that an action apparently innocent and good may be made mischievous and wrong by the revelation of a malign or improper motive: a seeming compliment may be sarcastic or bitter, and the highest salute we know, the kiss, can be wicked and even criminal. But there is no evidence whatever that Mr. Haddock was moved by any secret cunning or

ill will. Throughout his evidence he made no reference to nuclear warfare: when challenged on the subject by prosecuting counsel he answered that he was opposed to every kind of warfare; and since the whole is greater than the part he must be supposed to be an even more fervent advocate of "peace in our time" than the prosecutor.

Malice, then, being set aside, the question remains: Was he entitled to use such force as he did? I have no doubt that he was. The exercise of force against the body of another man is by no means always unlawful. One of the occasions—indeed it is first in the list—when reasonable force is legally justified is in the furtherance of public authority. Another is in the saving of human life. In this case public authority desired the clearing of the Queen's highway, and Mr. Haddock, in his humble way, was right to assist. The second case is even stronger. If a fireman called to a burning house drops a sack over a ratepayer's head and carries him, upside down, out of his home, no summons for assault and battery is likely to succeed. If Miss Stuke had stepped off the pavement, looking the wrong way, in front of a speeding motor-car and Mr. Haddock, with the utmost violence, had snatched her back, nothing but applause and gratitude would have come his way. The present case, it seems to me, is different only in degree. Mr. Haddock, as often before, was absolutely right, and I hope that other men of public spirit will follow his example. Thus may these sedentary exhibitions be reduced to reasonable proportions, and the police allowed to enjoy their well-earned leave. The summons is dismissed; and the prosecutor, not for her opinions but for her foul ingratitude, will pay all the costs of everyone.

☆

"After my marriage I taught a class of backward children in a County Primary School. I feel I have had the right kind of training and experience to understand your problems, and represent you on the City Council." *From a Wiltshire Election Address.*

You're frank, too.

"You wouldn't fuss like that if I had a black spot."



Taking the Vocal

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

BELIEVE me I'm the last man to make light of mishaps in the air. Since 1945, when I circled Crete in a Beaufighter with a stuck undercarriage, and my parachute—we still had them in those nervous old days—caught on some obstruction that I couldn't get at and no one else would take an interest in, I've never been really relaxed in the air. That's putting it mildly. During my handful of flying hours since then I've been an assiduous reader of omens. The sight of a steward with one leg of his trousers slightly shorter than the other is enough to make me think he's secretly undone a brace button ready for ditching.

So if I remark on last week's incident when seventy-three passengers saw their port outer drop off in a sheet of flame and, instead of panicking, indulged in community singing, I'm only taking the purely sympathetic view.

Particularly with regard to the singing. I have nothing but admiration for the man who can indulge in community singing at any time, let alone in a crippled aircraft, with luggage falling on his head, and after official instructions over the loudspeaker to remove his false teeth and spectacles. I have had no experience of this. As I recall there was no singing in the Beaufighter. And I'm puzzled to know just how this thing gets started, and by whom. Community singing launched by a dynamic comedian's "All together now" is difficult enough to get going. I personally don't help much, on the rare occasions of involvement, because I'm not only passive or non-singing but catch myself with unnaturally compressed lips as a precaution against an involuntary crotchet or two escaping. I should have thought many people would adopt similar tactics, especially with their teeth out, but the fact

remains that most people sing readily provided that others are singing with them, and it must simply be a peculiarity on my part that I tend to sing less and less as those around me sing more and more. Statistics show—and may be seen at FA headquarters—that by the last verse of “Abide With Me” at cup finals only a miserable couple of thousand or so aren’t gritting out a few strangled la-las.

But, there again, there are distinctions between Wembley Stadium and a DC7 in trouble at 17,000 feet. Granted, the football supporters may in their hearts be preoccupied by the struggle ahead, but this is nothing to the pre-occupations of seventy-three members of the United States Electric Boat Company’s Athletic Club expecting to be annoyingly late for an engagement in Amsterdam. (I was pleased to see, by the way, that there was no report of these passengers “joking” as they saw the engine detach itself, slipped on their life-jackets and watched the crew

placing rafts near the exits. People often do joke on occasions of this kind and sometimes get into the headlines for it. “Trapped Men Joke and Sing.” I sometimes wonder what those jokes are like. Is the topical note much sought after, or is it the old kippers and mother-in-law stuff? I just mention this in passing. Did any of these Electric Boat Company athletes sound off with a crack about the high jump for instance? If so, what was the audience rating?)

I was puzzled at first by one report which mentioned part of the choral programme as “Row, row, row your boat.” In the circumstances it seemed as ill a choice as one could make, with the possible exception of “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep”—because I reckon they were down to about 1,000 feet by this time and still not levelling out. But I see now, of course, that this was, for EBC personnel, the equivalent of “Forty Years On” for old Harrovians. (All right, but I

couldn’t fit Eton in: too many boats around here already.) These athletes had ended many a jolly—jollier—firm’s outing with lusty bellowings of “Row, row, etc.,” and it had all the comfortable overtones of far-off Connecticut, paper hats at Christmas, votes of thanks to the staff, presentation gold watches to old and faithful servants, and so on. It was not, as I had thought, a facetious reference to the forthcoming ordeal by rubber dinghy in a waste of waters just south of Rockall.

In short, it wasn’t a bad choice, and whoever made it is to be congratulated. What you want, when you’re starting up community singing for what may well be the last time, is something that catches on quickly, spreading from flight deck to powder-room in no time. The great problem of community singing is and always has been what to sing. Many’s the time a promising musical evening round a NAAFI piano has broken up without a note being fired owing to a demand deadlock



“Arthur is very discerning. He doesn’t like anybody.”

between "Nellie Dean" and "In the Evening, By the Moonlight." Even the most dynamic song-leader feels a fool after embarking spiritedly on "The More We Are Together" and finding after two lines that the rest of the company is sitting there tight-lipped fingering the strings of its life-jackets. Undoubtedly "Row, row, row your boat" was just the thing. Practically nothing else would have done as well, or been so suitably free of sibilants (most of the choir having their teeth in their pockets). I imagine that anyone suddenly taking station in mid-gangway and yelling "All together, now—I miss my Swiss, my Swiss miss misses me!" would soon have been cringing

back to his seat in silence, pink to the ears.

It remains to make two points. First, as a hater of both flying and community singing who spends much of his life trying to avoid either one or the other, I realize that I must expect my sleep to be broken from now on by nightmares involving me simultaneously with both. Two, the Electric Boat Company man who piped up with "Row, row" on the way to Prestwick last week and scored such an undoubted hit must on no account get too high an opinion of himself. The public is fickle. If, when the party flies back again in three weeks' time, he is tempted to try repeating his success—well, you never know, it might just not catch on.

When Soft Voices Die

By J. E. HINDER

Bowater's are not the only company to hold their Annual General Meeting at the Festival Hall. Soon, no doubt, the idea will spread to other seats of culture.

Mr. Socrates Agonopolos, Metropolitan Scrap Corporation (Wigmore. Wed.)

To many Mr. Agonopolos is an acquired taste. If you are one of those shareholders whose senses must, perforce, be violently assailed from the very first, he is not for you. Yet for subtlety of line, suggestive inflection and masterly blurring of the more awkward passages, he has few equals. His phrasing, for example, of the famous line "Shareholders may yet expect a further modest increase in dividend" with the faint, characteristic pause after the word "modest," was, I thought, quite charming. But let it not be supposed that here is mere technical mastery: Mr. Agonopolos can stir the emotions as well. No one who was at the Wigmore Hall on Wednesday evening will easily forget the mournful *pianissimo* with which he concluded the long impromptu on the nationalization of the Corporation's Paramorelan assets. Mr. Demetrios Agonopolos suavely assisted.

Lord Ullage, Astrakhan Soups Ltd. (Rudolf Steiner. Thurs.)

Lord Ullage's performance this time last year has lingered in the memory of

this critic at least as something in the nature of a tour-de-force. Then the phrase "Another Clore" was freely bandied in the foyer after a most satisfactory evening. It is thus all the more disturbing to have to say that he gave a deplorable exhibition last night. The immaculate texture was there, together with the remnant of a certain forced integrity of interpretation. However, an excessive, intrusive vibrato, stemming I imagine from a lack of confidence, ruined the evening for me, as for many others.

It must be admitted that the material at his disposal was poor; yet, to take but one example from, alas, many, his entry—absurdly *lento* I thought—into the question of the possible appointment of a receiver, was maladroit in the extreme and lacking in balance. When during the course of the evening even his *legato* deserted him, we were forced to the conclusion that this was not the Ullage we knew and admired.

Regrettably the audience—composed, it appeared, mainly of creditors—interrupted the closing stages with jeers and catcalls, making the many nuances of the accounts completely inaudible. A most unhappy affair.

Sir George Rust, Great Amalgamated Bolts (Albert Hall. Tues.)

Sir George has been an established favourite for so many years now that any unfavourable criticism seems somehow to be considered bad form. Yet I must say at the outset that, backed by a Final Dividend of 27½ per cent which together with the Interim Dividend makes 37½ per cent for the year, though the famous warmth and resonance was still there, he could have shown more fire. There were, it is true, *bravura* passages that recalled the Sir George of ten years ago, especially during his masterly interpretation of that perennial favourite, the Crippling Burden of Taxation Theme, but the general level of execution was uneven.

To the notorious Albert Hall acoustics the blame must only partly be attached for a lack of clarity in the *fioritura* piece dealing with the severe but unavoidable losses suffered by the Overseas Trading Auxiliaries of the company. I agree that the Report is marked *prestissimo* at this point. Nevertheless Sir George overdid it in my opinion. He received the customary support, adroit yet self-effacing, from Mr. Leonard Ananias.



"Sometimes I sits and demonstrates and sometimes I just sits."

Essence of Parliament



"ALL women," Socialist peers and peeresses seem to think "are equal to all men, but some women are more equal than others." While the Commons were complaining that the Government did not know the difference between a Commonwealth and a Common Market, the Socialist peers were complaining of their more elementary ignorance that they in general, and Lord Bathurst in particular, did not know the difference between a man and a woman. Lord Stonham raised it all in his protest against a detention centre for girls—"a Dothegirls Hall in Staffordshire." Girls were rarely criminals and when they were, abnormal, he thought. "The short, sharp shock" was no good for them. Lady Wootton and Lady Summerskill agreed, but Lady Elliot, perhaps a more true egalitarian, would not have it that there were not gangster girls.

An Agricultural debate on Monday in the Commons gave an opportunity for some accusations and counter-accusations between and within the parties about "waffling" on the Common Market. "Are you in favour or against?" thundered the irrepressible Mr. Fell at Mr. Soames and, when Mr. Soames hesitated, Mr. Fell cried out "Answer." Mr. Soames answered. "It is a matter of very big and broad political and economic interest," he said. It was Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, belonging to neither of the main parties, who had the best of the fun. He could hit out uninhibitedly all round the wicket. He was "aghast" at Mr. de Freitas and the "flaccidity" of the Labour party. On the other hand the Prime Minister was "Mumble-Bumble" and Mr. Butler had "a reputation for making bad speeches about every other department but his own." Members shouted out "No, no," as he insulted them all in their turn, but there was, I fancy, a little squeak of masochistic delight in their protests and they enjoyed the vigour. It was by far Mr. Thorpe's best innings yet.

All this was of course but a curtain raiser for the real Common Market row on Tuesday. But it was almost a curtain raiser to a play that never was. Mr. Macmillan's statement did not get anyone very much further. It plainly was not intended to. Indeed in Sir Harmar Nicholls's eyes that was its sovereign merit. He and his friends feared that the Prime Minister had made up his mind. They were much reassured to learn that he obviously had not. The more statements, Sir Harmar seemed to feel, and with some reason, the less plan—and that was a good thing. The Prime Minister beamed.

In my youth, Father Harold replied to his son,
I feared they might injure my Plan,
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I make them whenever I can.

Mr. Shinwell's complaint was exactly the opposite. He was sure that the Prime Minister had made up his mind—had

made up his mind to "sell the Commonwealth down the river"—and he (Mr. Shinwell) was not going to stand for that. The two old men stood pointing fingers at one another across the Chamber in a highly comical scene. "Macmillan in a Fury" reported the newspapers. I wonder. "Politicians," said Dryden, "neither love nor hate." My own impression was that Mr. Shinwell who has at times a curious storm on the brain, was genuinely angry but that the Prime Minister had a more calculated plan. It suited him well enough to make the ultra-Imperialists a little ridiculous by tagging them with Mr. Shinwell as their leader. "The Rt. Hon. gentleman has become very patriotic in his old age," shouted the Prime Minister. Mr. Shinwell could think of nothing better than the somewhat "sucks to you" reply that Mr. Macmillan wanted to be "king of the castle." "He's running away," shouted Mr. Shinwell as the Prime Minister left the Chamber,

**Mr. Silverman to
Defend the Empire?**

but the last word was with Mr. Silverman who by the luck of the draw got the first place in the Private Members' ballot for June 28 and at once announced that he would make the subject the Common Market. We can be sure that Mr. Silverman will force it to a division and compel all the contradictions in both the parties to reveal themselves. Nothing could better please his able, mischievous, mind and it will all be great fun. "The anti-Common Market snowball picked up speed last night" reported the *Daily Express*. I do not know whether it was true, but as a piece of English it must surely be the oddest ever to appear even in a popular newspaper.

As for the Finance Bill, Mrs. McLaughlin with the woes of Northern Ireland heavy upon her was not going to let Dame Irene Ward be the only female pebble on the beach. Seating oneself on the Front Bench being out, she insisted on trying to address the House from beyond the Bar—for no reason, as far as one could see, except that it was out of order and therefore bound to create a row. Then she insisted with two of her colleagues on voting against the Government, but whereas the two male revolvers marched, somewhat unwillingly, it seemed, into the lobby, encouraged only by ironical Socialist cheers, Mrs. McLaughlin had the far more material support of arriving there arm in arm with Mr. Emrys Hughes. Some women have all the luck. Even Dame Irene Ward, I fancy, has never done that. As for the rest of the debate, I love Mr. Houghton

this side idolatry, but I must confess myself shocked when I heard him describe the Chancellor as "an inverted Mr. Micawber waiting for something to turn down." How well I remember the summer day so many years ago when at the age of eight I heard that joke for the first time . . .

Then on Thursday the House turned to very different topics. Mr. George Brown, who had had no luck with getting the adjournment for military manoeuvres in Portugal on Wednesday, had better luck on Thursday. Up till seven o'clock the House gave itself to the sombre case of Timothy Evans. Should there be another inquiry? Should his remains be handed over to his relatives for burial in consecrated ground? It is arguable, that at this distance of time nothing new and nothing very good would come out of a fresh inquiry. But, though it may not be certain that Evans was innocent, it is absolutely certain that he was not proved guilty "beyond reasonable doubt." It is hard to see then how anyone can oppose the handing over of his body to his mother as an act of proper grace.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. JOHN DIEFENBAKER
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA



Of Houses, Smoke and Rubber

THE equity market is taking its seasonal and well-earned nap. The old Stock Exchange adage "sell in May and go away" looks like proving very nearly right this year, but the experience of those who have sold in May in recent years is that though they have rubbed their hands in glee in high summer and during the autumn storms, they very seldom have had the courage or perspicacity to buy back during the storm. They have been caught holding cash (or even worse War Loan) in the next boom and have seen prices of their ordinary shares soar well beyond the point at which they sold in the previous May.

There are some equities which are not joining this seasonal slumber—and with very good reason. One group is the shares of property companies. There is no seasonal let-up in the soaring prices of property itself; and it now looks as though this aspect of inflation may be involved in a wider, though probably modest, round of general inflation.

Among the best of the property companies is City of London Real Property. It is conservatively but well managed. It has successfully repulsed a determined takeover bid by some of the keenest minds in the property world—none other than Messrs. Cotton and Clore. If those boys thought the shares worth buying, then they are worth buying. Since the bid was made at around 80s. the shares have risen to 96s. but have since come back to about 84s. The company owns a large number of scattered but important properties in the City of London which yield a very satisfactory income. In addition it has two major developments in hand, one on the Stag Brewery site near Victoria which should prove a real money spinner, and the other on Tower Hill.

Property companies must be the speculator's dream in an age of inflation. In no other form of business is the gearing, that is the ratio of fixed interest to equity capital, so high and the fruits

of inflation, therefore, so concentrated on ordinary shares.

Another group of resisters to the seasonal somnolence has been the shares of tobacco companies. These companies are protected from inflation by their ability to raise prices for articles the demand for which is extremely inelastic—which means that the smoker will buy his solace almost irrespective of the price he has to pay for it. The Chancellor will happily testify to this phenomenon. The recent rise of 1d. on a standard packet of 20 cigarettes, is larger than it would at first sight appear. On 20 cigarettes which used to cost 4s. 1d. and are now priced at 4s. 2d. the duty is 3s. 0½d. so that the increase in the price represents about 1d. in the shilling or 8 per cent and a very much larger percentage in the companies' margins of profit. All the well run tobacco companies

including Imperial Tobacco, British American, Gallahers, Godfrey Philips, will benefit.

Finally there is the market for rubber shares. They have found a point of resistance after the decline which accompanied the sharp fall in the price of natural rubber during the second half of last year. The present price of about 2s. per lb. is reasonably profitable for efficient companies, such as United Sua Betong Rubber Estates, whose recently published net profits showed an increase from £691,000 to £708,000. It is also a price at which natural rubber can hold its own against the synthetic product. For the efficient companies, therefore, it represents the happy balance of not too little, not too much. At their present price of around 82s. United Sua Betong yield just over 12 per cent. They can be recommended as a very attractive yield sweetener.

— LOMBARD LANE



Fine Spell Service

THE postman must think we have plunged into a perpetual crisis. At one time telegrams seldom came to our house and when they did the heart missed a beat and the imagination was busy with disaster; this summer the telegrams from Dunstable with their blue PRIORITY labels have been flowing through the letter-box with encouraging regularity, bringing the urgent news "Fine spell issued 10th-13th," and three days later "Fine spell issued 10th-13th still in operation."

We have joined the Meteorological Office Fine Spell Service. For an annual £2 subscription we receive, from May until October, telegraphed notification every time a period of good weather lasting seventy-two hours or more is expected. News of its termination is also dispatched as soon as rain of measurable quantity appears likely within twenty-four hours.

The service should be of limitless

assistance to the British farmer in his efforts to keep abreast with the elements. It was started in 1958 but in the following halcyon summer little used. During a wet year it can be especially valuable; last year members received an average of only ten telegrams but the centres available for telephoned enquiries took over 60,000 calls. Countrymen will no longer need to teach their children the meaning of "a red sky at night" when the answer to "What's it going to do to-morrow?" will simply be "Phone the Met. Office."

In future there'll be no more working overtime to get in the hay when clouds on the horizon threaten, no more wasted minutes rushing back to the house at intervals to listen to the BBC's forecast (and how often just missing it) or starting harvesting in doubtful conditions, only to be interrupted by thunder. We'd hate to exchange our varied climate for the "wet season, dry season" kind, but to be certain of three consecutive fine days is worth every penny of £2 a year to most of us.

Our neighbours are firmly in favour of the scheme. They come to us for assurance over a cricket match, the scouts' outing or a birthday picnic. The vicar is anxious to know if there's been a fine spell issued to cover the church garden fête. Soon we'll have non-agriculturalists joining under false pretences; it would be useful for the office worker to know if he'd need his mackintosh on a week-end away from it all.

— P. ELLIOTT



Full Enquiry

DUNBLEARY Castle was a noble pile
Which occupied a fabulous position
On the lone summit of a western isle
Deeply imbued with legend and tradition.
The fighting forces sought its demolition,
Alleging it obstructive to a site
Devoted to the cause of nuclear fission:
But when the public fury reached its height,
The Minister ordained that all be stayed
Until a full enquiry could be made.

Lackhampton Shaws contained some splendid trees
Centuries old and full of noble growing,
And children played and lovers loved in these,
Until the Council saw how things were going
And knowing trees were nasty things, and knowing
The Chairman's brother was a timber-buyer,
Resolved to have them all cut down: but owing
To feelings running high and getting higher
The Minister decreed no trees be felled
Until a full enquiry had been held.

Tanbarrow Downs were full of gold and green
And Bronze Age barrows, as the name implied,
And raised their rain-fed amplitude between
The coloured counties and the silver tide.
The Conquest Concrete Company applied

For leave to quarry half a mile of chalk
Bang in the centre of the southern side:
But after months of most explosive talk
The Minister forbade them to proceed
Till full enquiry had established need.

The Rushbourne people had a right of way
Across the fields down to the river valley,
In which on Sunday or a summer's day
Lovers and friends in twos and threes would dally.
The Council then proposed provisionally
To build a prison there and close the path
Permanently and unconditionally:
But when the Rushbourne people rose in wrath,
Before the term of notice reached expiry,
The Minister prescribed a full enquiry.

So now the sovereign people had its way
And democratic right was vindicated.
All interested parties had their say
And none had further cause to feel frustrated.
Instead, the facts were fully ventilated;
Four highly qualified Inspectors sat
And had the whole affair elucidated,
And filed reports: and only after that
The trees were cut, the castle was demolished,
The downs despoiled, the right of way abolished.

— P. M. HUBBARD



AT THE PLAY

The Hollow Crown (ALDWYCH)

The Bad Soldier Smith

(WESTMINSTER)

Bye Bye Birdie (HER MAJESTY'S)

Tresper Revolution (ARTS)

THE HOLLOW CROWN is a rare and wholly delightful programme which is to appear at intervals for a few days this summer in the Aldwych repertory. It will come round again in July, and is likely to be so popular that bookings should be made now.

It is described as "an entertainment by and about the Kings and Queens of England," and consists of extracts from chronicles, letters, novels, diaries, songs and so on, spoken by four superb speakers, Peggy Ashcroft, Max Adrian, Richard Johnson and John Barton, or sung by three excellent singers, David Price, John Lawrenson and Richard Golding. The production is informal; they are all in evening dress, and behave as if they were entertaining in a friend's drawing-room.

The extracts come from a wide field. Dame Peggy has a wonderful piece from a history written by Jane Austen at fifteen to demolish Elizabeth and defend

her heroine, Mary Queen of Scots; no historian can ever have exposed her bias so frankly. Dame Peggy is also at her best in giving full ironic weight to Queen Victoria's account in her private journal of her coronation. Mr. Adrian becomes uncouthly Scots, delivers James the First's outburst against tobacco with relish, and is very happy as Horace Walpole gossiping maliciously about George the Second's funeral. Mr. Johnson is a splendidly guttural Henry the Eighth proposing to Anne Boleyn, and an impassioned Charles the First defying the judges at his trial, and Mr. Barton, who devised the programme, makes a good job of Halifax shredding the character of Charles the Second and of Thackeray doing the same for George the Fourth. There are various musical items by royalty, but the song I liked most was "The Vicar of Bray," sung with wit and dash.

This is a very civilized evening, which I greatly enjoyed.

William Douglas Home went to prison at the end of war for disobeying an order that clashed with his principles, and now he has based *The Bad Soldier Smith* on his experience. It takes place

in a headquarters mess in Normandy, and is extremely entertaining, because Mr. Douglas Home has a marvellous ear for the nuances of casual conversation; its serious side is less satisfactory, for we know pretty well what is going to happen and he produces nothing more dramatic in the last scene than a patriotic outburst from a woman officer, the sort of idiot-girl who in the First War distributed white feathers, generally to crippled VCs.

Captain Smith is a signals officer who had got through the war, hating it but liked and respected, until 1944, when the idea of unconditional surrender sticks in his throat. He is an intellectual and something of a fanatic, and quite sure he is right. He resigns his commission, and his fatherly colonel holds up his letter; but on learning that the offer of the German general in command at Le Havre to evacuate the civilian population has been refused, Smith disobeys an order to go in to the attack. He is court-martialled, dismissed from the service, and sent home to a year's civil imprisonment.

I doubt if any mess would have tolerated his insults to its PMC, even though he was as fire-eating a moron as Major Thornton; but the comedy of mess-life disturbed by their conflict is very amusing, and as accurate for this war as *Journey's End* was for the last. The acting in Jack Minster's production is first-rate. Moray Watson's single-minded Smith, Peter Dyneley's tough, kindly doctor, Geoffrey Lumsden's bellicose major and Arthur Lovegrove's mess-sergeant are excellent, but the cast is sound all the way. It is a pleasant change to see a padre as fairly drawn as John Horsley's. Mr. Douglas Home has nearly brought off a winner, as he would have done if his solution had been more dramatic.

After the recent stream of soggy American musicals, what a pleasure it is to welcome *Bye Bye Birdie*, which to my mind is the best since *Guys and Dolls*. It is sharply satirical; the dialogue is uncommonly witty, and is built for comedians who know their job; and it contains, thank heaven, no sugared lovers moaning in the moonlight. For the music I cannot speak, for I was in the front row and was nearly blasted out of my seat, but it seemed to fit the mood of the evening. Above all, Chita Rivera is given a rich opportunity to demonstrate her brilliance.

RICHARD JOHNSON

MAX ADRIAN



(The Hollow Crown)

The success of *Oliver!* and *The Sound of Music* is going to flood the musical stage with teenagers for some time, but here they serve a purpose, one of the targets of the play's satire being the pop-singer's demented little victims; the pop-singer is taken by Marty Wilde himself, unselfishly ragging the absurdities of his craft. He is about to go off to the army, and his broken-hearted manager is doing his best to squeeze a final fortune from him before he goes; this manager is Peter Marshall, a lively comedian, who is suffering love-trouble, of a bone-dry variety, with his secretary, who is Miss Rivera.

Her vitality is staggering. After dancing in a wild rough-and-tumble for ten minutes she can still sing well; I am confident she could go straight up Everest, without oxygen, and then do her stuff at the top. She is a dazzling performer, with an unfailing edge of humour, and she is used with great imagination. Most memorable is the dream sequence, in which with the help of the chorus she does her lover to death, and so is the scene in which she erupts into a masonic dinner and creates havoc.

A huge team has been at work on this musical, which has been deftly produced by Gower Champion, and a huge cast performs it. Angela Baddeley is good as the manager's clinging mother, Sylvia Tysick leads the teenagers attractively and Robert Nichols is very funny as her angry father. Her Majesty's should be packed for years and years.

Tresper Revolution is as inept a play as one could wish not to see in a lifetime of theatre-going. It is about a negro state on the verge of freedom, where a party has gained power on the plank of free love, with disastrous results. The dialogue is unbelievably solemn and silly, and the acting is not much better. The leaders of the party come to a sticky end, with an imbecile white millionaire who has improbably financed them, leaving the Governor still droning platitudes. Among his better lines was "Do you want your life work to be ruined for a bacchanalia of wogs?" The first-night audience, perhaps with *Young England* in mind, were soon laughing uncontrollably in the wrong places.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Absent-Minded Professor
Girl of the Night
The Secret Wives

WALT DISNEY'S *The Absent-Minded Professor* (Director: Robert Stevenson) might be called another shaggy dog story in the same key as his *The Shaggy Dog* itself, but I think it is very considerably funnier and more enjoyable. Apart from the humours of scepticism discomfited, which are



(The Absent-Minded Professor)

Ned Brainard—FRED MACMURRAY

comparatively easy though always effective, there is this time a quite impressive amount of observation and inventiveness, comic and satirical, about the script and direction, and the laughs come unflinching. There are devices that, skilfully used, will spring involuntary, relaxed laughter from almost anyone of no matter what height or depth of brow (to make an undignified comparison I have made before, they work as infallibly as a knee-jerk hammer), and this film uses them to perfection.

Perhaps that makes the whole thing sound too mechanical. It is, to be sure, just a piece of comic science fiction, and no claim could be made that the characters are anything but ordinary types behaving as the pattern of the story requires them to behave. But it has much more than this description would suggest.

Fred MacMurray appears as the Professor, who teaches science at Medfield College; he is evidently conscientious in his job—an opening scene (before the credits) shows him giving his students an unforgettable demonstration of "acoustic energy," although the high note breaks the wrong bit of glass—but his heart is in research. After long experiment he discovers a substance unaffected by the force of gravity, and most of the picture is concerned with what he does with it and the astonishment of the people who watch. The formula is simple enough: it's the one that makes tales of magic appeal to children; but the imagination, observation and invention with which it's

applied make the result extraordinarily funny. On the shoes of the college basket-ball team the stuff ("flubber") enables them to win by out-jumping much taller opponents, and of course this is a pretty obvious idea; what is notable is that the episode of the match is planned, balanced, directed, cunningly edited so that some tremendous jump produces a startlingly comic effect because of its precise timing, and often the laugh is strengthened because we are given at exactly the right second a glimpse of some spectator.

Similarly with the other uses of "flubber"—on the dance-floor, or in place of the engine of a Model T Ford, which by an ingenious system of controls the Professor then flies from place to place, including the Pentagon (amusing sub-acid references to inter-Service rivalry about the use of the stuff in national defence). I found the whole thing highly enjoyable.

I'm sure nothing I can say will make any difference in the possible audience for *Girl of the Night* (Director: Joseph Cates); told that it's about a call-girl, some people will eagerly queue up to see it and others will determinedly stay away, all of them regarding any discussion of its merits as quite irrelevant. I mention it here not because it has any great distinction, but as another blow in my running battle with those who judge by subject. It is, simply, much better than they would assume: good enough to disappoint the sensation-seeking queuers, good enough to disappoint

anyone who had hoped to jeer at it on principle, and with quite a bit that is incidentally good by any standard. It is based on what is called a "psycho-analytical study" by Dr. Harold Greenwald, and the girl in the story (Anne Francis) is being treated by a psychiatrist (Lloyd Nolan). In the end, she gives up her profitable career—but this is due less to him than to her realization that the young man who has been living on her earnings has no intention of marrying her as he had promised. The good moments are flashes of observation and character, notably in the episode of professional advice to a new girl ("Another thing: don't laugh at them"). Spirited, salty performance by Kay Medford as a "madam." Given this story, and it's credible enough, the film is intelligently done.

The Secret Ways (Director: Phil Karlson) is a thriller set in the *Third Man* country, but it's too incoherent and meandering to have any real grip. The story is of one of those footloose American adventurers (Richard Widmark) who are called in to do a bit of middle-European rescuing. An anti-Communist professor has to be smuggled out of Hungary, and with the help of a number of mysterious characters including the professor's beautiful daughter (Sonja Ziemann), who confuses things at first by saying she was forced to leave him against her will and demanding to be taken back in, the American manages it. There are several beatings-up and chases through dark streets, and the secret police colonel (Howard Vernon) is as menacing as could be; but the prison-break climax, which ought to be exciting, develops almost no tension whatever. The piece has interesting and entertaining episodes, and it's by no means boring as a whole, but it doesn't succeed. It's too long, and my guess is that too much of the original novel (by Alistair MacLean) has been included. — RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

Honore Daumier 1808-1879
Gwen John 1876-1939

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (in *World War I*) is reputed to have said that in political public life it is fatal to have a reputation for making jokes. Something of the same sort of condemnation seems to pertain to artists. Daumier was a cartoonist, he could not therefore be a serious artist—so the legend went. In fact he had a gift for draughtsmanship (notably of the human body) which places him among the great ones of the world. Had he lived in more fortunate circumstances he might have produced decorations equal to those of Tintoretto and Veronese. But in fact he was born into a disturbed period of French history and his own political

party was usually out of favour. He kept himself frugally by producing a mass of satirical cartoons and was never able to develop his painting as he would have liked.

All the same his contributions to this sphere of arts was a noble one, and the Tate Exhibition does justice to it. Outstanding canvases are *Man With Knotted Rope* (from Baltimore) the *Troubadour* (from Cleveland) and *The Painter Before His Easel* (from Washington).

Daumier can make us laugh or cry by his sense of the drama of life. His gifts were profound and dazzling, and some of his slightest sketches are among the most exciting of his works. This exhibition of 231 items (paintings and drawings) deserves close attention. (Closes July 30.)

Gwen John can most certainly be mentioned in the same breath as Daumier. It is true she had not the gusto or power of the master. But she was an artist with a penetrating sense of human character and a subtle power of expression. She was a gifted draughtsman. She painted for choice, usually, homely looking girls in muted shades of earth and slate, and in a minute range of tones. She was it appears an ascetic and something of a recluse, and she had a great reverence for life. (Matthiesen Gallery: closes July 8.) — ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Russian Riddle

WITHIN twenty-four hours the two faces of Russia—brute force and beauty. One night, Abbromov, Soviet Master of Sport bull-doing his remorseless way to the heavy-weight championship of Europe. The next, Marina Kondratieva drifting like a flower across the chequer-board stage of the Bolshoi.

Boxing divides viewers as it does the Labour Party. In the blue corner, followers of Dr. Summerskill who regard it as an exhibition of the lowest instincts of man. In the red corner, supporters of Mrs. Braddock acclaiming the noble art of self-defence and seeing the ring as a cockpit of character-building. Though my ego must agree with Edith that punch-ups hamper evolution, my televising id is in league with Bessie. The spectacle of two men fighting has been good box-office ever since Androcles. The classic ingredients are all there in boxing to-day—conflict, loyalties, victor and vanquished, judgement and symbolic death. With the confinement of action to the limelight ring prize-fighting could have been designed for television. The only improvement required by the medium is for somebody to invent transparent ropes.

The BBC's many transmissions from the European Boxing Championships in Belgrade may have been deadly to the humanists but they were a welcome feast for the TV fancy. Their turn at boredom will come when Wimbledon fills the screen with interminable tennis. The pugilistic occasions of the BBC are usually graced by the voice of Harry Carpenter. Rare among commentators, he has the golden gift of silence. He is not under the common compulsion to fill each visual minute with spoken word. If nothing needs elucidation he leaves us in peace to watch the fight. Sparse and factual of phrase, his vocabulary spares us the word-monotony of some of his colleagues. Every living thing at World Cup Soccer games has lately been "fantastic": rarely can full five minutes of cricket go by but someone performs "superbly"; and no one ever wins anything but the interviewer opens with the eternal question "Well, Charlie, how does it feel to be... champion, Mr. Universe or what-have-you?" This query should be forbidden at the same time as they issue each commentator with a thesaurus.

Coming back to Russia, our latest visit to the *Bolshoi Theatre Ballet* (BBC) for extracts from "Romeo and Juliet" was not as rewarding as previous expeditions on both channels. The production team, unfortunately, was not allowed to augment the stage lighting and the quality of the picture was consequently disappointing. The richness of the costumes was blurred and the dramatic groupings lost much of their impact through lack of background clarity. Kondratieva was a flashing, ethereal Juliet conjuring in her body a fragility unfamiliar in our home-bred ballerinas. I had it on female authority during the performance that in measurement Russian ballerinas are actually more substantial than our own. They just look the more ethereal because their male supporters are so much huskier than our British brand. Whatever the truth may be, Romeo and Capulet could have held their own at Belgrade.

The current best of ITV's late joys is *Landscape into Art* (ATV) the series of lectures by Sir Kenneth Clark on the development of landscape painting. The simplicity of the presentation, just the man and the picture, is most effective and Sir Kenneth's delivery is admirably suited to his purpose. He enlivens his instruction by projecting the artists as real people and conveys his own enthusiasm to the viewer. His scripts in simple, untechnical words are a delight to listen to; the description of Mantegna "striving to make every detail as hard and clear as a pebble in a stream" stays in the mind as example. Short of colour television I can envisage no major improvement in the production. Five lectures are all too few and I hope Sir Kenneth will soon find subject for another series.

— PATRICK RYAN

BOOKING OFFICE

WHERE THE CONDORS FLY

By DAVID WILLIAMS

Golden Wall and Mirador. Sacheverell Sitwell. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 36/-
The Sun and Old Stones. Seán Jennett. *Faber and Faber*, 25/-

"WHAT a wonderful feeling to turn over in the night and know one will be on the way to Guatemala in the morning!" So, characteristically, writes Mr. Sitwell, most dedicated of globetrotters. He seems to know all the places worth making an effort to see, from Kyoto to Kew and back the other way. His immense accumulations of travel-lore enable him to contrast and compare across centuries and continents. *Golden Wall and Mirador* is a connoisseur's minute-book, the record of a journey through Peru, the edges of Bolivia, and on to Central America (Guatemala and Yucatan particularly) by way of Bogotá and Havana. Those remote, rarefied highlands, filled with vast and eerie mementos of lost cultures, dubiously Christianized as a result of the tireless, termite onslaught of the Jesuits, and still breathless after their far-off collision with the matchless vitality of the Conquistadores, are seen through Mr. Sitwell's discriminating, fancier's eye. The single-minded intensity of his examination brings each place he visits alive in all its splendour and strangeness. His book remains a memorable and fascinating one—and this in spite of faults which are clamorous and pervasive.

For one thing he is a most ungainly writer. He can cultivate a deliberate infelicity of word-order: "Quimbaya Indians worked only in gold with any distinction." He is addicted to lumbering sentences and the unassimilable pronoun "one": "... in Bolivia other wools or furs can be bought cheaper than in Peru, though it is a truism to say that in order to effect that you have to get there, for Bolivia seems to be the most distant and inaccessible country one has ever been to." Sometimes he writes his own language almost in the manner of a foreigner: "It" (a house in Lima) "had an open court with wooden balconies in argument that it never rained." And how helpful is it to say outlandishly that "the legendary reserve of the Englishman is a case of echolalia

compared to the silence of any Indian?"

People who have managed to make great books out of their travels—Kinglake, say, or Borrow—tend to concentrate more on the human beings they meet than on the monuments and the *objets d'art*, however exotic and impressive. In this Borrowian sense Mr. Sitwell is hardly a travel writer at all. There are no human beings in his book. Even his own character, apart from his admirable stoicism, is kept firmly out of it.

What excites him is never people, but the things they make. When it comes to artefacts he has a cormorant's appetite, and the reader has to have a bit of one too if he is to be entirely happy panting uphill after him in search of a carved pulpit. Mr. Sitwell is a man who will walk you till you drop and leave no ambulatory unperambulated. For someone no longer young his stamina is a wonder. Holding on in aeroplanes bucketing over the topmost Andes in thunderstorms, suffering insomnia and nosebleedings and palpitations in hotel bedrooms perched uncasily well above the 10,000 feet mark—he is prepared to endure these and much besides in his restless search for colour and form, for exotic textile designs and freaks of costume, for sculptured angels in feathered head-dresses.

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



A fast moving tale

After Mr. Sitwell's altitudes a descent to Mr. Jennett, taking his family on a trip through the south of France in an old Rover-cum-trailer, comes as rather small beer. No Olympian heights for him. He chats about his family, about how good his wife is at rustling up a goulash of steak, carrots and *petits pois* while he and the two children pitch the tent in the *camping*. He takes us through the *Palais des Papes* at Avignon, through the Roman remains at Arles and Orange, over the troubadour-haunted ruins at Les Baux, and thence westward to Perpignan and Carcassonne—the bogus-walled town which has been the greatest sufferer from Viollet-le-Duc's mania for rehabilitating ruins that have been knocked about a bit. He communicates agreeably his enjoyment of the tawny, stony, sunshine-clarity of Provence. But he disapproves rather of Frenchmen, though having apparently little knowledge of their language, finds the sewage-disposal arrangements at Collioure a bit of a shock after the dainty amenities of Surrey, and can't stand garlic. Why, you wonder, go to the Midi at all if the reek this splendid vegetable leaves on the breath proves so upsetting?

NEW NOVELS

Seduction of the Minotaur. Anais Nin.

Peter Owen, 16/-

A Cup of Kindness. Jonathan Eales.

Longmans, 15/-

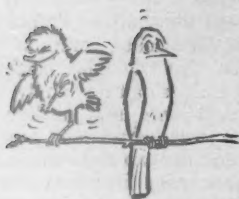
The Worthy Termites. Alfred Maund.

Longmans, 16/-

Shake This Town. Robert V. Williams.

Hart-Davis, 18/-

WE have seen over the past hundred years the growth of the psychological novel, in which the novelist has sought to treat with fidelity the unconscious and subconscious experience of the human spirit and to create plots which turn on a psychological change in the central character. Miss Anais Nin's newest novel, *Seduction of the Minotaur*, is not a psychological novel but a psycho-analytical one. The heroine, Lillian, a musician, comes to Golconda on the Pacific coast of Mexico to recover herself after an unhappy marriage. She seeks to immerse herself in the warmth, naturalness and undisciplined energy of the country; her earlier life has been a life of rules and limits in an "underground city." Miss Nin's use of Mexico represents a traditional and common northern desire; one recalls D. H. Lawrence seeking his dark gods in Mexican nature and Mexican life. But Miss Nin's book is a rather more private affair; Lillian, who is the centre of consciousness of the book, has to carry the weight of all its values, and its values are psycho-analytic ones. Miss Nin writes with great sensitivity and



depth, but it is the precious and private feminine sensitivity of Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein, so concerned to make a virtue out of the oddity of one's own perceptions. The images, the landscape, the people, are all psychological equivalents of the heroine's own state of mind: she is told by one character "We may seem to forget a person, a place, a state of being, a past life, but meanwhile what we are doing is selecting new actors . . . in order to re-enact the drama with under-studies . . . The design comes from within. It is internal. It is what the old mystics described as karmas, repeated until the spiritual or emotional experience was understood, liquidated, achieved." And it is around such a design that this self-conscious and very intelligent book is shaped.

I advise anyone who shares my partiality for the comic novel to take a look at Jonathan Eales's newest, *A Cup of Kindness*. It is a simple novel about a middle-aged Prufrock figure in a desk job who is attracted by the wife of an old school-friend. She is Austrian, she is lonely and, it turns out, extremely fond of men. The Prufrock type is clearly a figure for our time; and Mr. Eales treats him and all the other characters with a remarkable address, giving the whole story a substance that recalls another excellent comic novel of last year, Hamilton Johnson's *Dying Nicely*.

Two new novels from America—both depicting a world of violence, brutality, police and official corruption, and both of some social accuracy. *The Worthy Termites* is set in the city of Great Port in the American south and is concerned with two people of liberal sympathies who become involved with a negro bus boycott. The civic life of the town is fully drawn and the negro characters in particular are excellently attended to. Yet at times the manner becomes too slick, the central characters too uniformly depressing, the town too corrupt and hostile, to let the story work properly. For to believe, as Mr. Maund clearly does, in human freedom and equality one must believe in human quality and human goodness; and all that Mr. Maund can summon up in this direction seems slight and thin. This may be what is forced upon everyone by life in a place like Great Port; I suspect rather it is because the author feels that slickness and toughness are rather desirable human traits.

Shake This Town is set in an equally

corrupt locale, Dungeness, New Jersey, a former mill town now socially disorganized by strikes and the movement of the mills southward to cheaper labour. Dungeness is predominantly an immigrant town, run by Italians and Irish; and Mr. Williams gets over the spirit of the place with enormous skill. His story, a very dramatic one about an Italian boxer who comes out of the army to discover his father has been killed by a cop who was trying to shake him down, explores the difficulties and the customs of life in such a place, and at the same time maintains a steady tension about the outcome. It is, like Mr. Maund's, an efficient piece of story-telling with a real substance to it.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

TREASURES IN EXILE

The English Silver in the Kremlin, 1557-1663. Charles Oman. Methuen, 42/-

The Lure of Antiques. Hampden Gordon. Murray, 15/-

The Kremlin contains the largest collection of Elizabethan and Early Stuart silver that is visible in any single place; and Mr. Oman, the Keeper of the Metalwork Department at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was the first Englishman for half a century who had been allowed to examine it in detail. His account of it should interest not only students of silver but students of commerce, finance and administration. It is, for example, a revealing comment on diplomacy that civic gifts to English sovereigns would be altered and represented to the Czars. Small wonder that James I assured Coventry that their gold cup would be "kept for ever"; the promise was not unnecessary, for the next stage of his progress was at Warwick, and a relic of his stay there may be found in the Kremlin to-day.

Mr. Hampden Gordon's fourth handbook to antiques, is an enlivening *apéritif* for the collector of rather smaller fry: Bristol glass, Ralph Wood figures, Clichy paperweights, and the million-and-one additional attractions of shop and fair and saleroom. It is a pleasant guide to the rare and the beautiful; but the sight of the early Victorian parlour chair, now illustrated side by side with armchairs of the Hepplewhite era, makes one wonder what will be of interest in another hundred years. Perhaps it will be a genuine neo-Elizabethan fridge.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

DEATH BETWEEN SEA AND SHORE

The Sands of Dunkirk. Richard Collier. Collins, 21/-

Salerno. Hugh Pond. Kimber, 30/-

Both these books tell of British forces desperately engaged in narrow beach-heads. Mr. Pond in producing a workmanlike account of confused and fluctuating battles of invasion in which the Germans had advantages in numbers and position, only gradually offset by our naval gun-power, does occasionally introduce personal notes but he is much more and perhaps rather dryly concerned with the correct disposition and achievements of regimental units.

With Mr. Collier at Dunkirk on the other hand the human story is everything. He has collected their own living remembrances from more than 1200 survivors of all ranks and qualities and has listed all their names and present occupations in appendices together with details of the hundreds of ships, great and small, that came through inferno to the Dunkirk beaches to take the troops away. One French woman married to an East Surrey private was smuggled through along with them. Such personal impressions coming out of this tempest of blind death show human nature at its unimaginable best and worst. While heart-breaking mismanagement on our part was mercifully balanced by a capital German blunder initiated by Hitler himself, on either side there were incidents not now to be remembered where something simply cracked under strain.

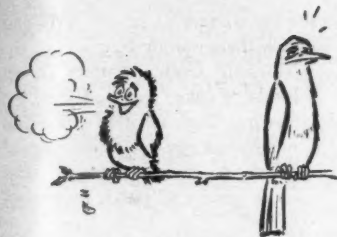
It is to be realized that this is no ordinary book of war. It is an incomparably vivid thousandfold accumulation of true details of war's tragedy, heroism, comedy and cruelty hardly less often nobly inspiring than dark with uttermost depths of satanic desolation.

—C. CONWAY PLUMBE

CASANOVA GOOD AND TRUE

Casanova. J. Rives Childs. Allen and Unwin, 32/-

The memoirs of Casanova—poet, financier, wit, con man, playwright, magician, spy, part-author of the libretto of *Don Giovanni*, company director, diplomat, gambler and violinist as well as lecher and seducer—have been attacked on two grounds, that they are improper and that they are untrue. Mr. Childs, a retired American diplomat who is a master of the unattached participle, seeks to prove both accusations false, and



has produced not so much a biography as a commentary on Casanova's own autobiography.

It is at any rate what he would call "a monument of American erudition," with every possible reference tracked to its obscure source. Casanova's truthfulness is fully vindicated; there now seems no doubt that his occasional inaccuracies sprang from faulty memory rather than unbridled invention. On the other hand, Mr. Childs goes adrift in his determination to persuade us that Casanova was a courteous and sensitive gentleman, when on his own uninhibited showing he was a howling cad. There is no reason why we should not admire books and at the same time detest their authors—and vice versa.

— B. A. YOUNG

REBELLIOUS LOTUS FRAGRANCE

The Lotus Pool of Memory. Chow Chung-Cheng. *Michael Joseph*, 21/-

The Lotus was more than a flower in Doctor Chow's family, for the author's name, Lien Chu'an, meant Lotus Fragrance, her parents wrote poems about lotus flowers and the children ate little fried lotus cakes. Girls, of course, were considered of no value to a Chinese family, as their destiny was to marry and become part of their husband's. Lien Chu'an was always conscious of her low standing in her mother's eyes, and when the semi-purdah considered seemingly for adolescent girls became intolerable she ran away to Peking leaving word that she would return only if she were allowed to attend school. Her parents communicated with her by means of reproachful poems published in a progressive newspaper, for her escape had taken place in the middle of the prolonged mourning for her grandfather. Finally her parents agreed to allow her to go to school and she returned home, where the servants pointed out that had she been a country girl she would have been buried alive. Her battle was by no means won and it was only after further struggles that she sailed for Europe.

Joyce Emerson has translated this lively story from the German with deftness and sympathy.

— VIOLET POWELL

CAVALRY GENERAL

One-Leg. The Life and Letters of Henry William Paget, First Marquess of Anglesey, KG, 1768-1854. The Marquess of Anglesey. *Cape*, 45/-

"A more gallant spirit, a finer gentleman, and a more honourable and



HARGREAVES

kindhearted man never existed. His abilities were not of a very high order, but he had a good fair understanding, excellent intentions, and a character remarkably straightforward and sincere." Thus Greville, a diarist not over-given to eulogy. The encomium is more than borne out by this lively and candid biography.

While paying appropriate tribute to his ancestor's exploits and character—his screening of the retreat from Corunna, his sanguinary heroism at Waterloo (where he famously lost a leg), his benevolent firmness as Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland and his brave stand on Catholic Emancipation—the present Lord Anglesey has dispensed with the pieties that so often weaken this kind of narrative. The Marquess, as his family declared, was lovable but formidable; he bullied George IV and bickered for years with his old chief, the Duke of Wellington. When the London mob forced him to huzza for Queen Caroline, he complied with "God save the Queen," adding "and may all your wives be like her!" An arrogant *flâneur* in youth, an imperturbable eccentric in old age, his life describes that arc of English social history that lies between Harriette Wilson's memoirs and the catalogue of the Great Exhibition.

— PHILIP HENGIST

ASPIDISTRA BOUQUET

George Orwell. Richard Rees. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

Conceived as a contribution to a series on twentieth-century writers for Southern Illinois University, this book is intended,

and admirably succeeds, as an introduction to Orwell's writing, especially the relatively neglected early works before his international best sellers, *Animal Farm* and *1984*. Sir Richard, who was a friend of Orwell's for the last twenty years of his life, places Orwell historically with Malraux, Koestler and Silone among "the conscience-keepers of the intellectual élite of Europe," and in "the direct line of descent of 'angry young men' between H. G. Wells and John Osborne." Sir Richard justifies his opinions persuasively in the sort of prose that Orwell himself admired—plain, sturdy, straightforward, and exact.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING

CREDIT BALANCE

Lone Wolf: The Story of Jack London.

Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Methuen*, 11/6. Intelligent and gripping short biography for teenagers and upwards. Good on the relation between the frenetically enterprising, unbusinesslike and self-consuming man and his works. Needs additional chapter on purely literary merits and weaknesses: the most important thing about even the most adventurous writer is his writing.

On Human Unity. E. E. Hirschmann. *Gollancz*, 25/-. A thoughtful and at times striking plea for the open society, made by a seeming recluse in a mood of sanguine, albeit disenchanted, enlightenment. Mr. Hirschmann has read a great deal of history and learned from it, and this makes his book different from most others on this large subject.

Goodbye, Ava. Richard Bissell. *Secker and Warburg*, 16/-. Gay, casual story about life on the upper Mississippi waterfront. Same mixture of social comment and light-hearted hedonism as author's *The Pajama Game*. Only sourpusses won't end up entertained, oddly moved and knowing a good deal more about life on the frontiers of Iowa and Illinois.

Table Topics. Julian Street. *Cassell*, 21/-. Posthumously edited notes on food and wine by much-travelled American gourmet who was also a cook. Useful recipes, including Hot Buttered Rum, good stories, and a catholic curiosity about how other people eat.



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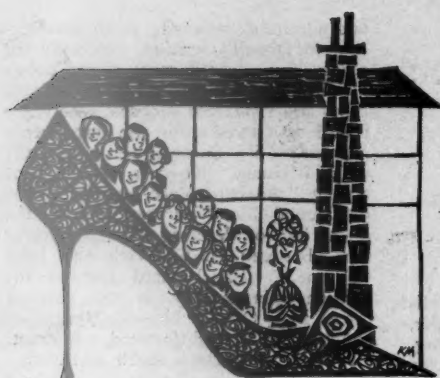
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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

Every Wife Will Do Her Duty

EVERY naval officer has his duties clearly laid down in Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, but so far nothing of the kind has been promulgated for his wife. It is to fill this gap and to anticipate a possible laxity of discipline that the following additional Chapter is proposed.

QUEEN'S REGULATIONS AND ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS Chapter 65, 1961. *Naval Wives*

Section	Articles
I Hull and General	.. 6213-6216
II Entertainment	.. 6217-6221
III Sport	.. 6222-6223
IV Sea-Going Wives	.. 6224-6225
V Additions and Amendments	

SECTION I. HULL AND GENERAL

6213. *Definition.* The Naval Wife, hereinafter referred to as NW, is a female person married (spliced) to a Naval Officer (NO).

6214. *Marks of Respect.* NWs are not to wear visible badges of rank, gold lace, caps, swords or medals; but suitable marks of respect are to be given according to seniority.

6215. *Calling.* The Junior NW is to call on the Senior NW between 1500 and 1600 hours (local time), equipped with:

- (a) Gloves
- (b) Hat
- (c) Cards.

2. The duration of the call will be twenty minutes, during which time the

Senior NW is to elicit the following information from the Junior NW:

- (a) Father's occupation
- (b) Number of children
- (c) Sex or sexes of children
- (d) Ages of children
- (e) Proposed schools
- (f) Name of hairdresser

and the Junior NW is to comment favourably on the Senior NW's dog, pictures, flower arrangements and taste in cushion covers.

6216. *Signing the Book.* Very Senior NWs (VSNWs) are not to be called on except by other VSNWs. They are to have a Book, chained to the banisters or otherwise elegantly displayed.

2. All NWs are to sign this Book, dressed as for Royal Inspection, seams straight, gloves whole, slips non-showing, and a hat.

3. The manoeuvre is to be carried out in a workmanlike and sailorly manner with no referring to back pages, and with every endeavour not to see or be seen by the VSNW, who is "in" (hence the call), but "not in" (thus the Book), but is really in all the time, engaged in some profitable occupation (see 6217 (b)).

4. The Remarks column is to be left empty.

5. In the extraordinary event that the VSNW should appear in person, the NW is not to sign the VSNW.

SECTION II. ENTERTAINMENT

6217. *Morale.* Senior NWs are respon-

sible for the welfare of Junior NWs and are to raise their morale by:

- (a) Morning Coffee Parties (seven kinds of cake, and bouillon).
- (b) Sewing Bees (stuffed mice and patchwork egg-cosies for Sales of Work, to make money to stuff more mice and patch more egg-cosies).
- (c) Friendly Wives (coach parties to see ruined abbeys, printing works, stately homes).

6218. *Dress.* Hats are to be hoisted at all cocktail, luncheon, coffee and tea parties, although the term "hat" may be interpreted to mean strong strips of veiling like black wire netting attached to velvet-covered steel springs.

2. Cigarette holders are not to exceed the regulation length of three and a half inches.

6219. *Conversation.* Conversation is to be rendered unintelligible to non-NWs, or encrypted, by means of initials and abbreviations, as in FOO, SOO, COS, COF and CINC (pronounced Sea 'n Sea, American: Sink).

2. Although free to discuss other NWs and their NOs, no NW is to admit knowledge of her own NO's job, on the supposition that it is more secret and therefore more vital than any other NO's. This is facilitated by the general rule that her NO is never to tell her anything anyway.

6220. *Party Games.* At dinner parties, conversation may be replaced after the coffee by thought-provoking games such as:

- (a) Six-handed draughts
- (b) Four-dimensional Noughts and Crosses
- (c) That wherein the player has to be a Streetcar named Desire.

6221. *Entertaining NWs whose husbands are at sea.* The NW is to telephone the above from time to time to say that she has been meaning to do something about them for ages, but she's been so busy entertaining COS, COF, FOO, etc. and now she's done the people that matter, they simply must come round, just pot-luck, one of the family, if they don't mind washing up.

SECTION III. SPORT

6222. *General.* The NW is expected to share the NO's keen interest in sports, and is to accompany him readily to soccer, rugger, cricket, hockey, basketball and boxing matches, noting that

near the Equator these may go on simultaneously all the year round.

6223. *Particular duties.* It may be part of her duties to Give Away the Prizes at sporting events.

2. No speech is required, but some inaudible remark such as "Father Christmas" or "Bloater Paste" may be made with each presentation, accompanied by a Recruiting Poster smile.

3. An expression of modest delight is to be assumed immediately on being given three rousing cheers and a floral tribute.

SECTION IV. SEA-GOING NAVAL WIVES

6224. *Sea-Going Naval Wives.* There shall be no Sea-Going Naval Wives.

2. The NW whose NO is "wet," that is, who serves in genuine water-supported ships, is to remain out of his way during commissions, and is to live soberly and obscurely at home,

- (a) In furnished lodgings with pictures of dogs, stags and kittens, or water-colours of Venice done by the landlady's aunt.

Name This Negligee

IF Wilfred Pickles were to ask about my most embarrassing moments I could run his programme late with but the fringe of my experiences as a linguist with a firm of textile shippers.

My all-male colleagues, largely bachelor for some unfathomed reason, looked upon me as the Voice of Womanhood, judging their samples in the frankest detail. On my second day I was presented with a pair of rayon panties trimmed with lace, and asked to comment on their shape and eye-appeal. Having typed out a list of cautious criticisms, I was told to wash the panties, dry them on my radiator and make further notes on the result. That this had no connection with the French and Spanish dictionaries littering my desk struck no one but myself.

The panties passed the test with flying lace, and sailed away in two-gross boxes to the South Americas, assorted green, blue, yellow, peach, pink, mauve and white. When all the mauve ones were returned "unsaleable" because they showed up unattractively against the dark-brown sun-soaked skins I was

- (b) In the House, chosen, furnished and fractionally paid for, somewhere in Hampshire or Sussex in the expectation that it will be easily accessible from Portsmouth, the Admiralty, Plymouth or Chatham.

6225. *NEWs.* NWs who infringe the above Regulation and follow their NOs overseas are to be known as Non-Entitled Wives (NEWs).

2. They are to be Non-Entitled to:

- (a) The fare out
- (b) The fare back
- (c) Quarters to live in
- (d) Allowances to live on
- (e) Marks of respect
- (f) Their NOs, except at irregular and infrequent intervals.

3. "The Ship Comes First" may be inscribed in poker-work and hung in a conspicuous and honourable position.

SECTION V.

ADDITIONS AND AMENDMENTS

(See Chapter 66, Naval Babies (NBs or Sprogs)).

— M. D. B.

Feeding Time

WITH gifts to woo the pets *chez nous*
My basket's brimming over:
I've got a tin of FI-DO-DIN
("It's oven-fresh!") for Rover;

For Puss, a pack of KITTI-SNAK
(With vitamins it's teeming!);
A jar or two of GUPPI-GOO
To keep the goldfish gleaming;

For Budgie's lunch, some SUPA-KRUNCH
("So good for tiny tummies!");
And for the hamster there's a can
Of double-action CRUMMIES.

A scream of rage from Polly's cage—
I haven't brought his BINGLES!
(I'll teach that joker not to croak
Those television jingles!)

— MERIEL HOBSON

Finally I gave my notice in and married. In return for a divinely lavish trousseau I filled little cards in monthly, stating how the things were looking, lasting, generally behaving, after how many hours of wear. And I must, in tribute and exasperation, say that this looks like continuing long after I've forgotten the Spanish for *soutien-gorge*.

— HAZEL TOWNSON



"According to my calculation, you owe me 12/6 and I owe you 14/6."

Toby Competitions

No. 171—Clinical

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A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. Entries by Wednesday, June 28. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 171, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 168

(Grammar)

Competitors were asked to provide the six persons of the present tense of a new irregular verb. There was an enormous entry, with motoring accidents, bridge and hard drinking all there in force.

The winner is:

JOHN PINSENT
140 UPPER PARLIAMENT ST
LIVERPOOL 8

I sell,
You engage in unfair competition,
He dumps,
We come to an agreement,
You all pass the increased costs on to the customers,
They pay through the nose.

Following are the runners-up:

I am a careful driver; you are inclined to take risks; he is a positive road-hog; we, as a community, are far too lenient in this matter; you say I was speeding, officer? they seem to have nothing better to do than persecute us motorists.

Ian Kelso, 7 Silwood Close, Ascot, Berks.

I practice diligently on my piano,
You play daily on the flute!
He suggests a "Musical Evening."
We send out the invitations
You accept with great pleasure,
They do not appear to be listening.

Mrs. P. R. Garraw, 13 Tregunta Road, S.W.10

I pay taxes.
You benefit by them.
He has an expense account.
We take these things lying down.
You know how it is in this country though.
They damn well ought to do something about it.

Molly Fitton, 108 Prince Street, London, S.E.8

I am neurotic
You don't understand
She does
We separate
You adopt the children
They are neurotic
(And so on, through all future tenses).

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon

To Might-as-well-use-the-laundry
I wash my shirt,
Thou providest pegs,
It drippeth to dry . . .
We feel it in the morning—
You can't trust manufacturers,
They are all b—— liars!

R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah Spa, London, S.E.19

I write
You publish
It's banned
We go to court
You appeal to the critics
They say it's literature and we both make a fortune.

F. M. Bell, 2 Croft Avenue, West Wickham, Kent

I dress;
thou waitest;
he fumes;
we arrive;
you look blank;
they ask why we didn't turn up at their party last night . . .

Stella Hall, 24 Mill Road Lewes, Sussex

I suggest
You pull
He does
We stop
You rang, gentlemen?
They collect the regulation fine of £5.

M. E. S. Handley, Reed Hall Farm, Reed, Royston, Herts.



"Hey, there's one bag short."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Flower. June 23, 7.30 pm, June 24, 2 pm, and 7.30 pm, and June 26, 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty.* June 27, 7.30 pm, *Giselle.*

GALLERIES



Thomas Agnew. English and French Eighteenth and Nineteenth century engravings. **Gimpel Fils.** Recent sculpture by Barbara Hepworth (until June 24). Recent paintings by Donald Hamilton Fraser (opens June 27). **Lefevre.** Recent paintings by James Taylor. **New London.** Wood and stone sculptured by Henry Moore (opens June 23). **Reid.** Nineteenth and Twentieth century drawings, watercolours and pastels by French masters. **Royal Institute.** The Society of Women Artists. Centenary exhibition of painting, sculpture and crafts. **Tate.** Daumier paintings and drawings. **V & A.** Kuniyoshi centenary exhibition.

SHOPS



The new **Garden Shop** in the Brompton Road provides ideas for keeping window boxes and roof gardens flowering throughout the year. Advice also given on interior flower decoration, including artificial flowers. Customers bringing their own flower bowls or vases can, for 10s. each and upwards, have them filled with arrangements particularly suited to the containers. Design and layout of private gardens also undertaken.

The lamps and shades department at **Bourne & Hollingsworth** has recently been extended, with many up-to-date styles now on show, while **Harrods** have introduced an exclusive line in washable Swedish cotton lampshades. In their gift department there is a selection of Italian vases, with various copies of classical shapes. The Italian influence remains, with **Neatawear's** new boutique in Oxford Street specializing in Italian accessories, including scarves, summer straw bags and hats, and **Atkinson's** Bond Street shop offering an exclusive range of Italian perfumes. On their ground floor **Liberty's** has a large variety of Italian costume jewellery. Also at this store it is possible to have hats and head-dresses designed by James Wedge to meet individual requirements.

Derry & Toms are first in the batting order for summer sales. Their sale began June 19, lasts two weeks. Major reductions in all stock, particularly carpets, linen, furs, children's and babywear departments, men's wear, and in the Wetherall and Frank Usher boutiques. **Whiteley's** follow on, their sale being from June 23 until July 15. Special days will be "Famous Names Day" on June 30, half-price day on July 7, and final clearances on July 14. **Aquascutum's** sale, for women only, begins June 27 and lasts two weeks. Reductions in tailored suits, summer tartan coats and tweeds.



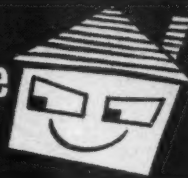


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An Isle of Man
Cocaine



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and night, year in,
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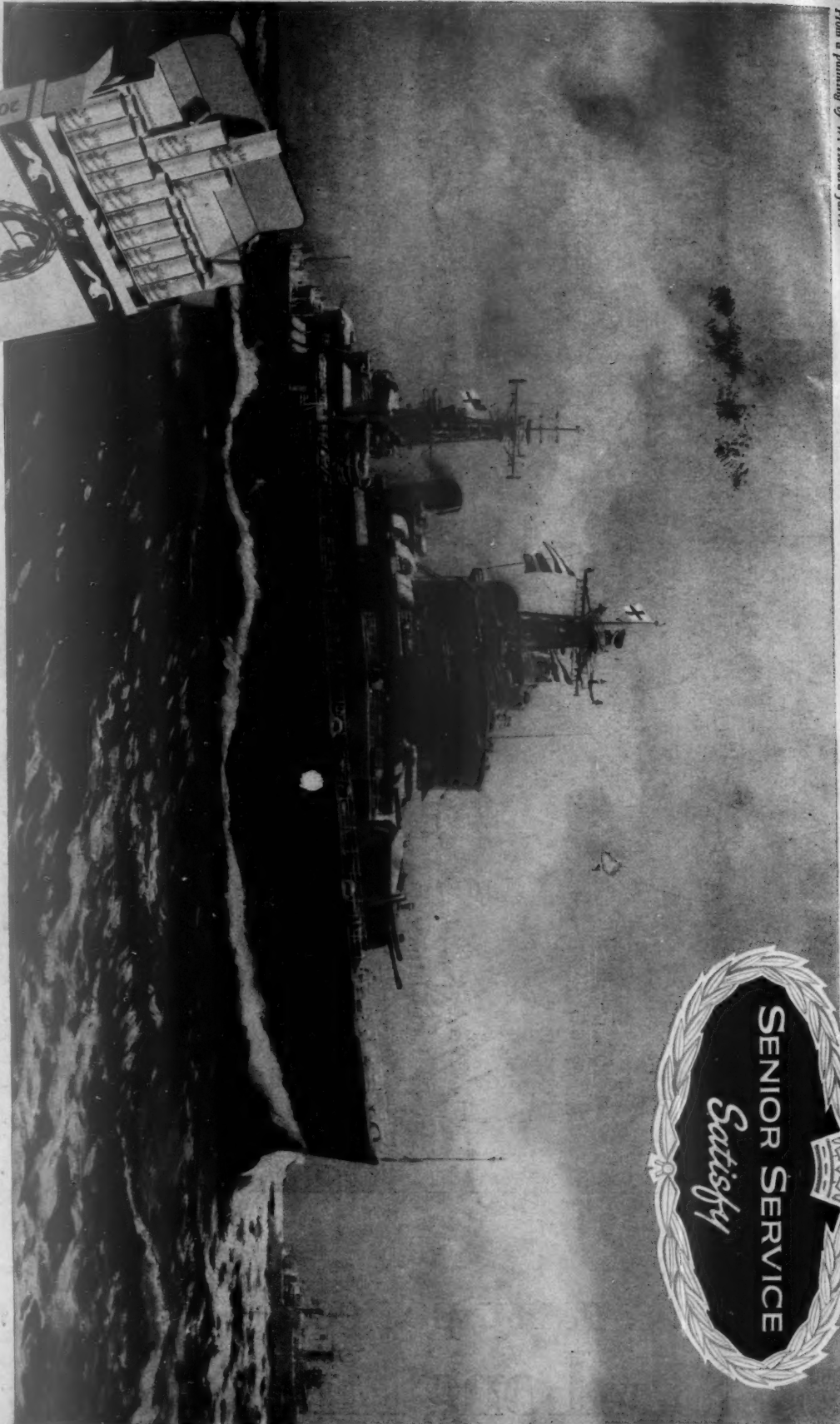
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H.M.S. TIGER, shown here wearing the flag of the C-in-C Mediterranean, is the twelfth British warship to bear this name. The first TIGER, launched at Deptford in 1546, gained battle honours in the Armada Campaign. The second accompanied Sir Francis Drake on his 1585 voyage to the West Indies.

A TIGER featured in the recapture of Calcutta in 1757, and another saw action at Odessa during the Crimean War. The battle cruiser H.M.S. Tiger was present at the battles of the Dogger Bank and Jutland during the First World War.

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